The Tragedy of
King Richard III

Richard and the Bishops

RICHARD III *Act* III *Scene* 7

Booklovers Edition

Richard III

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study

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THE
TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III.

Preface.

The Editions. *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third* was first printed in 1597, with the following title-page:—"The Tragedy of | King Richard the Third. | Containing, | His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: | the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: | his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course | of his detested life, and most deserved death. | As it hath been lately Acted by the | Right honourable the Lord Chamber- | laine his servants. | AT LONDON | Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, | dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the | Sign of the Angell. | 1597. | "

This edition, known as Quarto 1, was reprinted more or less correctly in subsequent Quartos issued in the years 1598 (Quarto 2), 1602 (Quarto 3), 1605 (Quarto 4), 1612 (Quarto 5), 1622 (Quarto 6), 1629 (Quarto 7), 1634 (Quarto 8); each of these issues followed its immediate predecessor, except in the case of the 1612 edition, which was printed from the Quarto of 1602: in the second and subsequent Quartos the name of the author (*By* William Shakespeare) was added.

The First and Second Folios give the title of the play as follows:—

"The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field."

The Text. The textual problems connected with *Richard the Third* are of a complicated nature, owing to

the many differences between the Quarto version and that of the Folio. The main differences may be grouped under the following heads:—(1) The Folio contains nearly 200 lines which are not found in the Quarto,* while the Quarto contains at least one notable passage not found in the Folio (IV. ii. 103-120); (2) it gives alterations of the Quarto, which could not have been intended by Shakespeare;* (3) in a great many cases it removes (*a*) gross and obvious metrical defects,† (*b*) imaginary metrical irregularities of the Quarto;‡ (4) it introduces a number of alterations to avoid repeating the same word;§ (5) it often modifies "certain terms of phrase and use of

* *Viz.*:—I. ii. 16, 25, 155-167; iii. 116, 167-169; iv. 36, 37, 69-72, 113, 114, 216, 260-263, 267, 269; II. i. 67; ii. 89-100, 123-140; III. i. 172-174; iii. 7, 8, 15; iv. 104-107; v. 7, 103-105; vii. 5, 6, 37, 98, 99, 120, 127, 144-153, 202, 245; IV. i. 2-6, 37, 98-104; iv. 20, 21, 28, 32, 53, 103, 159, 172, 179, 221-234, 276, 277, 288-342, 400; V. iii. 27, 28, 43.

**E.g.* '*Unmannered dog, standst thou when I command*' (I. ii. 39).

'*Or let me die, to look on earth no more*' (II. iv. 65).

† *E.g.* '*And when my uncle told me so he wept,*
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father' (II. ii. 23-25).

Cp. the Quarto version:—

'*And when he told me so, he wept*
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek
And bade me rely on him as on my father.'

‡ *E.g.* '*I do remember me, Henry the Sixth,*' instead of '*As I remember, Henry the Sixth*' (IV. ii. 98); (*i.e., Henery the Sixth*).

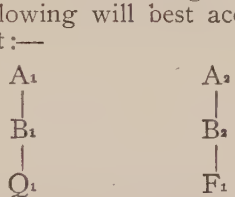
§ *E.g.* '*Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and in stumbling* (Folios, *falling*)
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard' (I. iv. 18.)

'*By heaven my heart* (*Folios soul*) *is purged from grudging hate*
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love' (II. i. 9).

words," which had evidently become obsolete, *e.g. which* is changed to *that*; *betwixt* to *between*; *thou wert* to *thou wast*; *yea* to *I* (*aye*); *moe* to *more*, or *other*; *you* to *thou*; (6) there are besides certain minute verbal changes in the Folio, the reason for which is not so clear as in the previous cases, but probably in most instances they are due to euphony;* (7) the stage-directions in the Folio are fuller and more accurate than those in the Quarto.

Which is the best Authority? Critics are divided on this point, some championing the cause of the Quartos, others of the Folios; the chief representatives of the former party are the Cambridge Editors; of the latter James Spedding, Delius, Daniel, etc.

(i.) According to the Cambridge Editors, some such scheme as the following will best account for the phenomena of the text:—



Where A_1 is the Author's original MS.; B_1 a transcript by another hand with some accidental omissions and, of course, slips of the pen. From this transcript was printed the Quarto of 1597, while A_2 is the Author's original MS. revised by himself, with corrections and additions, interlinear, marginal, and on inserted leaves; B_2 a copy of this revised MS., made by another hand, probably after the death of the Author, and perhaps a very short time before 1623. From B_2 the Folio text was printed; the writer of B_2 had perhaps occasionally recourse to the Quarto of 1602 to supplement passages which, by its being frayed or

* *E.g.* '*To bring* (Folios, *bear*) *this tidings to the bloody King*,' (IV. iii. 22.)
'*The imperial metal circling now thy brow*' (Folios, *head*); (IV. iv. 382).

stained, had become illegible in A_2 (*v.* page x., Camb. ed.).

"Assuming the truth of this hypothesis," the Cambridge Editors conclude, "the object of an editor must be to give in the text as near an approximation as possible to A_2, rejecting from F_1 all that is due to the unknown writer of B_2 and supplying its place from Q_1, which, errors of pen and press apart, certainly came from the hand of Shakespeare. In the construction of our text we have steadily borne this principle in mind, only deviating from it in a few instances where we have retained the expanded version of the Folio in preference to the briefer version of the Quarto, even when we incline to think that the earlier form is more terse, and therefore not likely to have been altered by its author. . . . *Cæteris paribus, we have adopted the reading of the Quarto.*"

(ii.) James Spedding, in an exhaustive essay on the subject,* contested this view, maintaining "that the text of the Folio (errors being corrected or allowed for) represents the result of Shakespeare's own latest version, and approaches nearest to the form in which he wished it to stand," that the First Quarto was printed without preparation for the press or superintendence by himself, and that he began to prepare a corrected and amended copy, but had not leisure to complete this new version.†

Delius anticipated Spedding in his inquiry,‡ and came to an even more determined conclusion as regards the superiority of the Folio; according to him a nameless corrector had tampered with the original MS. before it went to the printer in 1597, while the true text appears in the Folio version.

Mr. Daniel (*Facsimile Reprint of Quarto* 1) is also in favour of the Folio "as the basis of the text"; after a

* *On the corrected edition of Richard III., pp.* 1-75, *New Shakespere Society's Transactions,* 1875-6.

† *Ibid. v.* p. 190, where Spedding summed up his views, after considering Mr. Pickersgill's objections (pp. 77-124).

‡ *v.* German Shakespeare Society's Year Book, Vol. VII.

careful analysis of the early Quartos he comes to the conclusion that the Folio version was printed from a copy of Quarto 6, altered "in accordance with the theatrical MS. which the transcriber had before him."

(iii.) Surveying all the evidence, the present writer thinks it possible to take a somewhat neutral position; the partisanship of the two schools seems too determined in its devotion to the one text or the other. Whatever may be the history of the First Quarto it certainly goes back to the author's MS., probably abridged for acting purposes; but on the whole it is a careless piece of printing; whatever may be the history of the First Folio version, one can certainly trace in it the touch of a hand other than Shakespeare's; * the editor did his work with insufficient caution, though comparatively few changes for the worse are intentionally his; he probably had a Third or Sixth Quarto collated with an unabridged MS., ordering an untrustworthy assistant to correct the printed copy, and to add the omitted passages; subsequently he probably read through the whole, amending here and there, and not troubling to consult the MS. too often. Hence the genuineness of most of the added passages, and the doubtful character of so many of the smaller changes.

The Date of Composition. Authorities are agreed in assigning *Richard III.* to 1594 or thereabouts, relying mainly on the internal evidence of style, especially the manifest influence of Marlowe; in considering this influence it must be borne in mind that the play belongs naturally to the group of history plays dealing with the

* *E.g.* '*My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she*
That tempts him to this harsh *extremity*' (I. i. 64).
Q. 1. '*That tempers him to this extremity.*'
Q. 2. '*That tempts him to this extremity.*'
Q. 3. '*That temps him to this extremity.*'
Spedding held there is nothing to choose between the two lines, but there seems all the difference in the world between the Folio and Quarto reading.

House of York, and links itself intimately to 2 *Henry VI.*, and 3 *Henry VI.* Noteworthy Marlowan characteristics are the following:—(*a*) Richard, like Tamberlaine, or Faustus, or Barabas, monopolises the whole action of the Drama; (*b*) the characters of this play of passion seem intended, for the most part, merely to set off the hero's "ideal villainy"; (*c*) the absence of evolution of character in the hero; (*d*) the hero's consciousness and avowal of his villainy; (*e*) the tone of the play is often lyrical or epical rather than dramatic (*e.g.*, the lamentation of the women, II. ii.; IV. i.); (*f*) blank verse is used throughout, while prose and the lyrical forms found in the earlier plays are conspicuously absent. The play of Richard III. was evidently Shakespeare's experiment—his only experiment—in the Marlowan method of tragedy, but in one respect, at least, Shakespeare shows himself no blind follower of Marlowe; he weaves Nemesis into the play and shows its consummation in Richard's fall, hence the significance of Margaret's fateful presence, haunting the scenes like some prophetic Chorus of ancient Drama.

In John Weever's *Epigrammes*, printed in 1599, but written in 1595, the 22nd Epigram, addressed *Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare*, mention is made of *Romeo* and *Richard* as well-known characters, and the reference is evidently to *Richard III.*, and not to *Richard II.** Possibly, too, the wooing of Estrild in the old play of *Locrine* is imitated, as Mr. Fleay (*Shakespeare Manual*) has suggested, from *Richard III.*, I. ii.; *Locrine* was first printed in 1595.

The Source of the Plot. Sir Thomas More's *Life of Richard the Third*, incorporated by Hall & Holinshed in their histories, is the ultimate source of the play. Shakespeare evidently used the second edition of Holinshed, copying a mistake which occurs only in that edition. The

* "*Romeo, Richard; more, whose names I know not.*"

wooing of Queen Anne, as well as Queen Margaret's part, are, however, purely imaginary (*cp.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays,* II. 60-117).

Possibly Shakespeare borrowed a few hints from an earlier play written before 1588, and published in 1594, entitled—"*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third.*"* To Dr. Legge's Latin play (acted at Cambridge before 1583) he certainly owed nothing.

There were several other plays on this subject, probably

Interior of the Great Council Room on the upper storey of the White Tower.
From an engraving by Fairholt.

* Reprinted by *Shakespeare Society,* 1844, from the only perfect copy extant.—*N.B.*—In the old play we find "*A horse, a horse, a fresh horse,*" also, Richard's reference to the ghosts of his victims "crying for revenge." The same Society printed *Richard's Vision,* a seventeenth century poem founded on Shakespeare's play, containing an interesting reference thereto.

one, wholly or in part, by Ben Jonson (*vide* Henslowe's *Diary*, 22nd June, 1602), called *Richard Crookback*, and another, now lost, perhaps more intimately connected with Shakespeare's.

Duration of Action. The time of *Richard III.*, as analysed by Mr. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Society Trans.*, 1877-79), covers eleven days represented on the stage; with intervals. The total *dramatic* time is probably within one month.

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Interval.* *Day* 2, Act I. Sc. iii., iv.; Act II. Sc. i., ii. *Day* 3, Act II. Sc. iii. *Interval*; for the journey to Ludlow. *Day* 4, Act II. Sc. iv. *Day* 5, Act III. Sc. i. *Day* 6, Act. III. Sc. ii.-vii. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. i. *Day* 8, Act. IV. Sc. ii.-v. *Interval*; Richard's march to Salisbury. *Day* 9, Act V. Sc. i. *Interval*; Richard's march from Salisbury to Leicester. *Day* 10, Act V. Sc. ii., and first half of Sc. iii. *Day* 11, Act V., second half of Sc. iii., and Sc. iv., v.

The *historic* time is from about the date of Henry VI.'s obsequies, May 1471, to the Battle of Bosworth Field, 22nd August, 1485.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, resolves to obtain the crown of England, notwithstanding the fact that he is not in the direct line of succession. He aims a secret blow against his brother Clarence, who is involved by him in a quarrel with their brother, King Edward IV., and immured in the Tower, where he is shortly afterwards murdered. Gloucester next seeks to strengthen his cause by suing for the hand of Lady Anne, which he wins in the very presence of the corpse of her father-in-law, Henry VI., dead at his hands, and despite the fact that her husband had also been slain by him.

II. King Edward, in declining health, seeks to foster peace in his realm. He dies, and his young son Edward, Prince of Wales, is summoned to London to be crowned. Before he arrives, Gloucester, who is made lord protector, finds means to weaken the prince by imprisoning and afterwards executing three noblemen of the latter's party.

III. Richard meets the prince and his younger brother in London, and under pretext of assigning them a lodging imprisons them in the Tower. Lord Hastings, a powerful nobleman, faithful to the royal line, is beheaded, also by Richard's orders. The Duke of Buckingham upholds Gloucester, and is largely instrumental in obtaining for him the coveted crown.

IV. Buckingham, however, hesitates when the new King Richard III. desires at his hands the lives of the two princes; and he is further disaffected by the king's

refusal to grant him a certain earldom previously promised as a reward for his support. He accordingly forsakes Richard and seeks to unite his strength with that of Henry, Earl of Richmond, who is taking up arms against the usurping monarch. Buckingham is taken prisoner and soon afterwards put to death. The two boy princes are assassinated in the Tower; and Queen Anne is secretly put to death in order to leave Richard free for an alliance with the heiress of York, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., for whose hand he sues to her mother.

V. In the meantime Richmond has invaded England and encounters Richard's forces at Bosworth Field in Leicestershire. The king, though disquieted on the preceding night by visions of his many slain victims, fights desperately; but his forces are defeated and he himself is slain by Richmond. The victor is recognized as King Henry VII., and by marriage with Elizabeth of York brings to a close the long contention between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Character of Richard.

The character of Richard the Third, which had been opened in so masterly a manner in the Concluding Part of *Henry the Sixth,* is, in this play, developed in all its horrible grandeur. It is, in fact, the picture of a demoniacal incarnation, moulding the passions and foibles of mankind, with superhuman precision, to its own iniquitous purposes. Of this isolated and peculiar state of being Richard himself seems sensible when he declares—

> "I have no brother, I am like no brother:
> And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me; I am myself alone."

From a delineation like this Milton must have caught many of the most striking features of his Satanic portrait. The same union of unmitigated depravity and consummate intellectual energy characterizes both, and renders what would otherwise be loathsome and disgusting an object of sublimity and shuddering admiration.

The task, however, which Shakespeare undertook was, in one instance, more arduous than that which Milton subsequently attempted; for, in addition to the hateful constitution of Richard's moral character, he had to contend also against the prejudices arising from personal deformity, from a figure

> "curtail'd of its fair proportion,
> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
> Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before its time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up."

And yet, in spite of these striking personal defects, which were considered, also, as indicatory of the depravity and wickedness of his nature, the Poet has contrived, through the medium of high mental endowments, not only to obviate disgust, but to excite extraordinary admiration.

One of the most prominent and detestable vices, indeed, in Richard's character, his hypocrisy, connected, as it always is, in his person, with the most profound skill and dissimulation, has, owing to the various parts which it induces him to assume, most materially contributed to the popularity of this play, both on the stage and in the closet. He is one who can

> "frame his face to all occasions,"

and accordingly appears, during the course of his career, under the contrasted forms of a subject and a monarch, a politician and a wit, a soldier and a suitor, a sinner and a saint; and in all with such apparent ease and fidelity to nature, that while to the explorer of the human mind he affords, by his penetration and address, a subject of peculiar interest and delight, he offers to the practised

performer a study well calculated to call forth his fullest and finest exertions.

DRAKE: *Shakespeare and his Times.*

Richard is the very personation of confidence in self-conduct and self-control, in his absolute command of every form of dissimulation, and still more difficult, of simulation. He is arrogant no less, on the strength of his superiority to any natural stirrings of love or pity, of terror or remorse. Like Iago he believes in the absolute sway of will-wielded intellect to subject and mould passion to its own determinations, while both are, unconsciously to themselves, overmastered and enslaved by a tyrannous passion that ever keeps out of their own sight as if lurking and shifting place behind them. Richard's true fall and punishment is his humiliation on his point of reliance and pride; he comes to require friends when friends fail in heart or in heartiness, he regrets affection, would fain be pitied, admits terror, and believes in the power of conscience if he endeavours to defy it. The involuntary forces of his being rise in insurrection against the oppression of the voluntary. His human nature vindicates the tendencies of humanity, when the organism which was strained to sustain itself on the principle of renunciation of sympathy falters and breaks down. The power of the strongest will has its limitations; mere defiance will not free the mind from superstition, and mere brutality cannot absolutely close up the welling springs of tenderness.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

III.

Shakespeare Self-Projected in Richard.

Into this character Shakespeare transforms himself in imagination. It is the mark of the dramatic poet to be always able to get out of his own skin and into another's.

But in later times some of the greatest dramatists have shrunk shuddering from the out-and-out criminal, as being too remote from them. For example, Goethe. His wrong-doers are only weaklings, like Weislingen or Clavigo; even his Mephistopheles is not really evil. Shakespeare, on the other hand, made the effort to feel like Richard. How did he set about it? Exactly as we do when we strive to understand another personality; for example, Shakespeare himself. He imagines himself into him; that is to say, he projects his mind into the other's body and lives in it for the time being. The question the poet has to answer is always this: How should I feel and act if I were a prince, a woman, a conqueror, an outcast, and so forth?

Shakespeare takes, as his point of departure, the ignominy inflicted by Nature; Richard is one of Nature's victims. How can Shakespeare feel with him here—Shakespeare, to whom deformity of body was unknown, and who had been immoderately favoured by Nature? But he, too, had long endured humiliation, and had lived under mean conditions which afforded no scope either to his will or to his talents. Poverty is itself a deformity; and the condition of an actor was a blemish like a hump on his back. Thus he is in a position to enter with ease into the feelings of one of Nature's victims. He has simply to give free course to all the moods in his own mind which have been evoked by personal humiliation, and to let them ferment and run riot.

Next comes the consciousness of superiority in Richard, and the lust of power which springs from it. Shakespeare cannot have lacked the consciousness of his personal superiority, and, like every man of genius, he must have had the lust of power in his soul, at least as a rudimentary organ. Ambitious he must assuredly have been, though not after the fashion of the actors and dramatists of our day. Their mere jugglery passes for art, while his art was regarded by the great majority as mere jugglery. His artistic self-esteem received a check

in its growth; but none the less there was ambition behind the tenacity of purpose which in a few years raised him from a servitor in the theatre to a shareholder and director, and which led him to develop the greatest productive talent of his country, till he outshone all rivals in his calling, and won the appreciation of the leaders of fashion and taste.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Lady Anne.

For the very reason that the Poet has not given any individual characteristics to this woman, it seems as though he would say: Such is feminine human nature. It is quite evident that in his younger days he was not so much alive to the beauties of the womanly character as he became at a later period of his life. He is fond of drawing unamiable women like Adriana in *The Comedy of Errors,* violent and corrupt women like Tamora in *Titus Andronicus,* and Margaret in *Henry VI.,* or scolding women like Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew.* Here he gives us a picture of peculiarly feminine weakness, and personifies in Richard his own contempt for it.

Exasperate a woman against you (he seems to say), do her all the evil you can think of, kill her husband, deprive her thereby of the succession to a crown, fill her to overflowing with hatred and execration—then if you can only cajole her into believing that in all you have done, crimes and everything, you have been actuated simply and solely by burning passion for her, by the hope of approaching her and winning her hand—why, then the game is yours, and sooner or later she will give in. Her vanity cannot hold out. If it is proof against ten measures of flattery, it will succumb to a hundred; and if even that is not enough, then pile on more. Every woman has a price at which her vanity is for sale; you have only to

dare greatly and bid high enough. So Shakespeare makes this crookbacked assassin accept Anne's insults without winking and retort upon them his declaration of love—he at once seems less hideous in her eyes from the fact that his crimes were committed for her sake. Shakespeare makes him hand her his drawn sword, to pierce him to the heart if she will; he is sure enough that she will do nothing of the sort. She cannot withstand the intense volition in his glance; he hypnotises her hatred; the exaltation with which his lust of power inspires him bewilders and overpowers her, and he becomes almost beautiful in her eyes when he bares his breast to her revenge. She yields to him under the influence of an attraction in which are mingled dizziness, terror, and perverted sensuality. His very hideousness becomes a stimulus the more.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

V.

Queen Margaret.

Although banished upon pain of death, she [Margaret] returns to England to assist at the intestine conflicts of the House of York. Shakespeare personifies in her the ancient Nemesis; he gives her more than human proportions, and represents her as a sort of supernatural apparition. She penetrates freely into the palace of Edward IV., she there breathes forth her hatred in presence of the family of York and its courtier attendants. No one dreams of arresting her, although she is an exiled woman, and she goes forth, meeting no obstacle, as she had entered. The same magic ring, which on the first occasion opened the doors of the royal mansion, opens them for her once again, when Edward IV. is dead, and his sons have been assassinated in the Tower by the order of Richard. She came, the first time, to curse her enemies; she comes now to gather the fruits of her

malediction. Like an avenging Fury, or the classical Fate, she has announced to each his doom.

MÉZIÈRES: *Shakespeare, ses Œuvres et ses Critiques.*

VI.

Unique Among the Dramas.

Certain qualities which make it unique among the dramas of Shakspere characterize the play of *King Richard III.* Its manner of conceiving and presenting character has a certain resemblance, not elsewhere to be found in Shakspere's writings, to the ideal manner of Marlowe. As in the plays of Marlowe, there is here one dominant figure distinguished by a few strongly marked and inordinately developed qualities. There is in the characterization no mystery, but much of a demonic intensity. Certain passages are entirely in the lyrical-dramatic style—an emotion which is one and the same, occupying, at the same moment, two or three of the personages, and obtaining utterance through them almost simultaneously, or in immediate succession; as a musical motive is interpreted by an orchestra, or taken up singly by successive instruments:—

Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs.

Mere verisimilitude in the play of *King Richard III.* becomes, at times, subordinate to effects of symphonic orchestration or of statuesque composition. There is a Blake-like terror and beauty in the scene in which the three women—queens and a duchess—seat themselves upon the ground in their desolation and despair and cry aloud in utter anguish of spirit. First by the mother of two kings, then by Edward's widow, last by the terrible Medusa-like Queen Margaret, the same attitude is as-

sumed and the same grief is poured forth. Misery has made them indifferent to all ceremony of queenship, and, for a time, to their private differences; they are seated, a rigid yet tumultuously passionate group, in the majesty of mere womanhood and supreme calamity. Readers acquainted with Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job will remember what effects, sublime and appalling, the artist produces by animating a group of figures with one common passion, which spontaneously produces in each individual the same extravagant movement of head and limbs.

The demonic intensity which distinguishes the play proceeds from the character of Richard as from its source and centre. As with the chief personages of Marlowe's plays, so Richard in this play rather occupies the imagination by audacity and force than insinuates himself through some subtle solvent, some magic and mystery of art. His character does not grow upon us; from the first it is complete. We are not curious to discover what Richard is, as we are curious to come into presence of the soul of Hamlet. We are in no doubt about Richard; but it yields us a strong sensation to observe him in various circumstances and situations; we are roused and animated by the presence of almost superhuman energy and power, even though that power and that energy be malign. . . .

He plays his part before his future wife, the Lady Anne, laying open his breast to the sword's point with a malicious confidence. He knows the measure of woman's frailty, and relies on the spiritual force of his audacity and dissimulation to subdue the weak hand which tries to lift the sword. With no friends to back his suit, with nothing but "the plain devil, and dissembling looks," he wins his bride. The hideous irony of such a courtship, the mockery it implies of human love, is enough to make a man "your only jigmaker," and sends Richard's blood dancing along his veins.

While Richard is plotting for the crown, Lord Has-

tings threatens to prove an obstacle in the way. What is to be done? Buckingham is dubious and tentative:—

> "Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
> Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?"

With sharp detonation, quickly begun and quickly over, Richard's answer is discharged, "Chop off his head, man!" There can be no beginning, middle, or end to a deed so simple and so summary. Presently, Hastings, making sundry small assignations for future days and weeks, goes, a murdered man, to the conference at the Tower. Richard, whose startling figure emerges from the background throughout the play with small regard for verisimilitude, and always at the most effective moment, is suddenly on the spot, just as Hastings is about to give his voice in the conference as though he were the representative of the absent Duke. Richard is prepared, when the opportune instant has arrived, to spring a mine under Hastings's feet. But meanwhile a matter of equal importance concerns him—my Lord of Ely's strawberries: the flavor of Holborn strawberries is exquisite, and the fruit must be sent for. Richard's desire to appear disengaged from sinister thought is less important to note than Richard's need of indulging a cynical contempt of human life. The explosion takes place; Hastings is seized; and the delicacies are reserved until the head of Richard's enemy is off. There is a wantonness of *diablerie* in this incident:—

> "Talk'st thou to me of *ifs*? Thou art a traitor—
> Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul, I swear
> I will not dine until I see the same!"

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VII.

Want of Interaction.

There is, properly speaking, no interaction between Richard and the other persons of the drama. He is the

all-in-all of the play, the soul of everything that is done, the theme of everything that is said: there is scarce a thought, feeling, or purpose expressed, but what is either from him, or in some way concerning him, he being the author, the subject, or the occasion of it. And herein is this play chiefly distinguished from all the others, and, certainly, as a work of art, not distinguished for the better, that the entire action in all its parts and stages, so far at least as it has any human origin or purpose, both springs from the hero as its source, and determines in him as its end. So that the drama is not properly a composition of coöperative characters, mutually developing and developed; but the prolonged yet hurried outcome of a single character, to which all the other persons serve but as exponents and conductors; as if he were a volume of electrical activity, disclosing himself by means of others, and quenching their active powers at the very moment of doing so. Observe, we say the other *persons*, not characters; for however much their forms meet the eye, their inward being is for the most part held in abeyance and kept from transpiring by the virtual ubiquity of the hero.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

However successful and life-like, however many-sided and extraordinary a character may be, it cannot of itself constitute a dramatic work of art. Characterisation is but one particular function of dramatic poetry; it is very important, but still not the first and highest object. It stands in the same relation to the entire organism as a portrait to an historical painting. In the latter every figure ought to be a living portrait full of individual reality, but receives its true significance only from its position and from its relation to the other figures; accordingly, the *interaction* of the several parts among one another, and their *coöperation* in the action represented, gives the picture its historical character. It is precisely

the same with a dramatic composition, because it is so in real *life*. When viewed in this light *Richard III.* might seem open to censure. "I am myself alone" is his spell-word, and, like a sudden flash of light, reveals not only the character of Richard himself, but that of the whole drama. As in life so in the play, he in reality stands *alone*. All the other personages (chiefly women and children, or single subjects) are in no way his equals, and are powerless against the whole royal power which is on his side. The destructive force of his tyranny, the violence of his unmitigated selfishness and wickedness, accompanied as they are by intellect, wit, and eloquence, have no organic counterpoise. On the one side we have only power and energy, on the other only submission and impotence. The principle of interaction, which is so important in life and in history, retires far into the background; not till the fifth act is the tyrant opposed by a real and worthy adversary in the person of Richmond. Accordingly, the drama is wanting in drastic animation; the action (that which is actually done or which happens) proceeds but slowly compared with others of Shakspeare's plays.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VIII.

A Comparison.

If we compare the speeches [of Edmund in *Lear*, and of Iago in *Othello*] with Richard's, and in like manner if we compare the way in which Iago's plot is first sown, and springs up and gradually grows and ripens in his brain, with Richard's downright enunciation of his projected series of crimes from the first, we may discern the contrast between the youth and the mature manhood of the mightiest intellect that ever lived upon earth, a contrast almost equally observable in the difference between the diction and metre of the two plays, and not unlike

that between a great river rushing along turbidly in Spring, bearing the freshly melted snows from Alpine mountains, with flakes of light scattered here and there over its surface, and the same river, when its waters have subsided into their autumnal tranquillity, and compose a vast mirror for the whole landscape around them, and for the sun and stars and sky and clouds overhead.

HARE: *Guesses at Truth.*

IX.

Popularity of the Play.

Richard III. is, and long has been—taking the stage and the closet together—the most universally and uninterruptedly popular of its author's works. Few of Shakespeare's plays passed through more than two or three editions, as they originally appeared, separately, in the customary form of quarto pamphlets. Of *Hamlet*, which seems to have been the most popular of the other tragedies, there are but six of these editions; while of *Richard III.*, between 1597 and 1634, we have, in addition to the copies in the first two Folios, no less than eight separate editions, still preserved; and it is possible that there may have been yet another, no longer extant. There are also more references and allusions to it, in the writings of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and in those of the next generation of authors, than to any other of his works. For instance, Bishop Corbet, in his poems, Fuller, in his *Church History*, and Milton, in one of his prose controversial tracts, all refer to it as familiar to their readers. It has kept perpetual possession of the stage, either in its primitive form, or as altered and adapted to the tastes of the times by Colley Cibber or by John Kemble. In one or other of these forms Richard III. has been the favourite character of all the eminent English tragedians, from Burbage, the original "Crookback," who was identified in his day, in the public mind,

with the part, through the long succession of the monarchs of the English stage—Betterton, Cibber, Quin, Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, Cooke, Kean—down to our own days. Yet, in all the higher attributes of the poetic drama *Richard III.* bears no comparison with the Poet's greater tragedies, or with the graver scenes of his more brilliant comedies. Intellectually and poetically, it must be assigned to a much lower class than *Romeo and Juliet,* or *Othello*; than *Lear* or *Macbeth*; than *The Tempest* or *The Merchant of Venice.*

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

The Tragedy of
King Richard III.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING EDWARD *the Fourth.*

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.,* } *sons to the King.*
RICHARD, *Duke of York,* }

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III.,* } *brothers to the King.*

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*

EARL RIVERS, *brother to Elizabeth.*

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *sons to Elizabeth.*

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Licutenant of the Tower.*

SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest. Another Priest.*

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, *gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.*

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV.*

LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.*

A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other Attendants, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE: *England.*

The Tragedy of
KING RICHARD III.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. A street.

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glou. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there 's no man is secure,
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds,
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I 'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,

To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glou. Even so; an 't please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man: we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glou. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glou. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*

Glou. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glou. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,

And overmuch consumed his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Another street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not?

Anne. Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glou. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;

The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glou. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glou. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glou. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. I 'll rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.

Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.
Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.
Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glou. He lives that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glou. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glou. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glou. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.
Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*Here she lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glou. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glou. That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*

Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I 'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass.
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I 'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby?

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, we did: he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it.

Glou. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester;
You envy my advancement and my friends':
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord, for—

Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glou. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard.

Glou. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glou. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

Glou. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Have done! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I 'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I 'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites: and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she 's at liberty.

Glou. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glou. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glou. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised:
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you;
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odds ends stolen out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
[*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tush!
Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads: about your business straight.
Go, go, dispatch.
First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.
Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!
[*Clarence sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who 's here?

Brak. In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. Yea, are you so brief?

Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious. Show him our commission; talk no more.

[*Brakenbury reads it.*

Brak. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep:
I 'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare you well.

[*Exit Brakenbury.*

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murd. No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day.

First Murd. Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word 'judgement' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

Sec. Murd. I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Sec. Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where is thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. Let it go; there 's few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. How if it come to thee again?

Sec. Murd. I 'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: it is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

Sec. Murd. No, first let 's reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly thou dost speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is the king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why, sirs,
He sends ye not to murder me for this;
For in this sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be revenged for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.

First Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right,
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. It cannot be; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

First Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.
First Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*
Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!
Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*
First. Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.

Hast. And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*To the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours, but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[*They embrace.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

Riv. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Derby.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:

But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor Clarence! [*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The palace.

Enter the Duchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast, and cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son'?

Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much.
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him; not your father's death;

It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

Girl. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her ears; Rivers and Dorset after her.

Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death.
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he 's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he 's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas, I am the mother of these moans!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:
Alas, you three, on me threefold distress'd
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glou. Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glou. [*Aside*] Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,

As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glou. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

Q. Eliz. } With all our hearts.
Duch. }

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay behind;
For, by the way, I 'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.

Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

London. A street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

First Cit. Neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?
Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
First Cit. Ay, that the king is dead.
Sec. Cit. Bad news, by 'r lady, seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a troublous world.

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed!
First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.
Third Cit. Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?
Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!
Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
First Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
Third Cit. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!
Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.
First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
Third Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.

Third Cit. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.

Third Cit. When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear.

Third Cit. Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

Third Cit. And so was I: I 'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloucester,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.

Duch. I hope so too; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How fares the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news then?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,
Self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. I'll go along with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. A street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.
Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.
Glou. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!
Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.
I thought my mother and my brother York

Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And, in good time here comes the sweating lord.
Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:

This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glou. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck. What, my gracious lord? 90
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.
Glou. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Enter young York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100
Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glou. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.
Glou. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glou. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glou. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that 's the sword to it.
Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts
In weightier things you 'll say a beggar nay.
Glou. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glou. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.
Glou. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower,

Glou. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? what will he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glou. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I may.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glou. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit Catesby.*

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glou. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willingness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What, ho! my lord!
Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. What is 't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.
Hast. And then?
Mess. And then he sends you word
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. My gracious lord, I 'll tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world indeed, my lord;
And I believe 'twill never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies:
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby,—

Cate. What, my lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby;
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund and supposed their state was sure,

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I 'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*

Purs. God save your lordship. [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whispers in his ear.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay: 120
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?
Hast. I 'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Pomfret Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.
Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.
Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Tower of London.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, and take their seats at a table.

Hast. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?
Der. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. Who, I, my lord! We know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well:
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.

Glou. My Lord of Ely!

Ely. My lord?

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*
Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Drawing him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I 'll follow you.
[*Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.*
Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.
Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There 's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there 's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.
Der. I pray God he be not, I say.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

Glou. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff and Lovel.*

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Tower-walls.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord mayor,—
Glou. Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—
Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!
Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glou. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were 't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

May. What, had he so?

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;
And you, my good lords both, have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his death;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Mayor.*

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I 'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied

With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*
Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The same. A street.

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while! Why, who 's so gross,
That seeth not this palpable device?
Yet who 's so blind, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Baynard's Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

Glou. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, and speak not a word.

Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratory grew to an end,
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

Glou. Ah! and did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuës or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;

And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again:
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd';
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own
At the lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried 'God save King Richard!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends!' quoth I,
'This general applause and loving shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard;'
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glou. Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll build a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our request;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glou. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,
What says he?

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I 'll tell him what you say, my lord. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will.

Re-enter Catesby.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

Cate. My lord,
He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him;
And so once more return and tell his grace.
[*Exit Catesby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops. Catesby returns.

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ears to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!
Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Then know, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,

And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.
Glou. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due by birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to that vow—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens: 'zounds! I'll entreat no more.

Glou. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*

Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit:

Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it.

Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach

Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live Richard, England's royal king! 240

May and Cit. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

Glou. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again.
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she 's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?
Anne. No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: well 'll enter all together.

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The king! why, who 's that?
Brak. I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I 'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I 'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.
[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the death of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

Duch. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!
Buck. My gracious sovereign?
K. Rich. Give me thy hand.
[*Here he ascendeth the throne.*]
Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever may they last!
K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live true noble prince!
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*

Cate. [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry: see, he bites the lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither.
[*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Stanley.

How now! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset 's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit Catesby.*
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.
K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Ay, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.
Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?
Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear that news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look to it.
Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just demand?
K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. Ay, what 's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.
K. Rich. Well, but what 's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
K. Rich. Tut, tut,
Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*
Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service

With such deep contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes':
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

Enter King Richard.

All hail, my sovereign liege!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done, my lord.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But how or in what place I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till soon. [*Exit Tyrrel.*
The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My lord!

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have heard that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Before the palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine adversaries.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!
Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my woes frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him.
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward·
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee, and cries 'God save the queen'?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;

From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongued-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.
I hear his drum: be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and trumpets.

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak!
K. Rich. Do then; but I 'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous;
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to all.

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no moe sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who should be else?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply she will weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I 'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now, by the world—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest.
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:

It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.
[*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following.

How now! what news?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?
Cate. Here, my lord.
K. Rich. Fly to the duke. [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury:
When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull unmindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do
At Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.
K. Rich. My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither goor nor bad!
Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign:
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I 'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well,
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He striketh him.*
Take that, until thou bring me better news.
Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Lord Derby's house.

Enter Derby and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That in the sty of this most bloody boar

My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Der. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many moe of noble fame and worth:
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Der. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Salisbury. An open place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,

If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
That high All-seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The camp near Tamworth.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms with Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night:
But where to-morrow? Well, all 's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.
Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the field;
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let 's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And give him from me this poor needful scroll.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to our tent! the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?

Cate. It 's supper-time, my lord;
It 's nine o' clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was!
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me. Ratcliff,
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.
[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other attendants.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others attending.

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I 'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!
Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!
All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake! awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne his wife.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep:
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] The first was I that helped thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there 's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. 'Zounds! who is there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

HIS ORATION TO HIS SOLDIERS.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy;
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey, then?
Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our purpose.'
K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is.
[*The clock striketh.*
Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.
Ratcliff!
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Re-enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*He sheweth him a paper.*

K. Rich. [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

HIS ORATION TO HIS ARMY.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And in record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark! I
hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:

After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter Norfolk and forces fighting; to him Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight. Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!
The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen!

[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

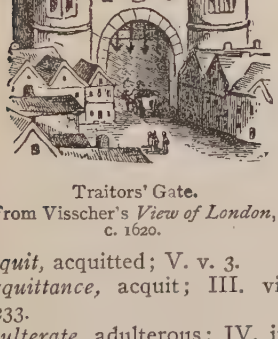
Abate, make dull, blunt; V. v. 35.

Abjects, "the most servile of subjects"; I. i. 106.

Abroach; "set a.," am the cause of; I. iii. 325.

Account, number, reckoning; V. iii. 11.

Account, count upon (used quibblingly); *'For they account his head upon the bridge,' i.e.* on Traitors' Gate at the Southwark end of London Bridge; III. ii. 72.



Traitors' Gate.
From Visscher's *View of London,* c. 1620.

Acquit, acquitted; V. v. 3.

Acquittance, acquit; III. vii. 233.

Adulterate, adulterous; IV. iv. 69.

Advance, raise; V. iii. 264.

Advantage, opportunity (Folios, "*vantage*"); III. v. 74.

Advantaging, increasing; IV. iv. 323.

Adventure, risk, hazard; I. iii. 116.

Adverse, opposing; IV. iv. 190.

Advertised, informed; IV. iv. 501.

Advised, "well a.," in sound senses, "not mad"; I. iii. 318.

Advised, "be a.," reflect, consider; II. i. 107.

Aery, brood of an eagle or hawk, a brood of nestlings; I. iii. 264.

Affected; "doth stand a.," is disposed; III. i. 171.

A-high, on high; IV. iv. 86.

Almost; "cannot almost," *i.e.* can hardly; II. iii. 39.

Amaze, affright; V. iii. 341.

Ambling, moving in an affected manner; I. i. 17.

Amity, friendship; I. iii. 281.

Ancient, old; III. i. 182.

Annoy, injury, harm; V. iii. 156.

Anointed, consecrated by unction; one of the ceremonials in the coronation of sovereigns; IV. i. 62.

Answer, answer for, be responsible for; IV. ii. 97.

Apparent, manifest; III. v. 30.
Arbitrement, decision; V. iii. 89.
Arch, wicked; IV. iii. 2.
As, that (Folios, "*that*"); III. iv. 40.
At once, in brief, without more ado; III. iv. 1.
Atonement, reconciliation; I. iii. 36.
Attainder, taint; III. v. 32.
Attorney; "by a.," by proxy; V. iii. 83.
Aweless, inspiring no awe (Quartos, "*lawlesse*"); II. iv. 52.

Baited at, harassed, worried; I. iii. 109.
Bar, debar, exclude; III. ii. 54.
Barbed, armed and harnessed for war; I. i. 10.
Basilisk, the fabulous creature supposed to kill by its look; *v.* "*cockatrice*"; I. ii. 151.
Battalion, army (Folios, "*Battalia*"; perhaps = Italian *battaglia,* battle); V. iii. 11.
Battle, army; V. iii. 88.
Baynard's Castle, the residence of Richard, Duke of York; on south bank of the Thames; III. v. 98.
Beads, rosary; III. vii. 93.
Beaver, helmet; V. iii. 50.
Beholding, beholden; II. i. 129.
Belike, perhaps, probably; I. i. 49.
Best; "were b.," had better; I. i. 100.
Betide, become; I. iii. 6.
Bettering, magnifying; IV. iv. 122.
Bid, bore; IV. iv. 304.
Bobb'd, drubbed, thumped; V. iii. 334.
Book, note-book; III. v. 27.
Boot, given into the bargain; IV. iv. 65.
Boot, "to b.," *i.e.* for our help; V. iii. 301.
Bootless, useless; III. iv. 104.
Bottled, bloated; I. iii. 242.
Bought and sold, deceived, betrayed; a proverbial phrase; V. iii. 305.
Braved, made brave, adorned; V. iii. 279.
Brecknock, Brecknock Castle in South Wales; IV. ii. 126.

Baynard's Castle.
From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall

Bridge, i.e. London Bridge, where the heads of traitors were placed; III. ii. 72. (*Cp. s.v.* '*Account.*')
Brief, quick, speedy; II. ii. 43.
Broken, broken up, done away with; II. ii. 117.
Brook'd, borne, endured; I. i. 125.
Bruising irons, destroying weapons; referring to the heavy iron maces used in battle; V. iii. 110.
Bulk, body; I. iv. 40.
Bunch-back'd, hunch-backed; I. iii. 246.
Burthen'd, burdensome; IV. iv. 111.
Bustle, stir, be active; I. i. 152.
But, only; I. iii. 194.
By, near, close at hand; IV. ii. 104.

Cacodemon, evil demon, evil spirit; I. iii. 144.
Caitiff, wretch; IV. iv. 100.
Capable, quick to apprehend, of good capacity; III. i. 155.
Caparison, put on the trappings, cover with a horse-cloth; V. iii. 289.
Careful, full of care; I. iii. 83.
Carnal, flesh-eating, blood-thirsty; IV. iv. 56.
Censures, opinions; II. ii. 144.
Chair, throne; IV. iv. 470.
Chamber, London was called the king's chamber soon after the Conquest; III. i. 1.
Characters, used quibblingly in double sense (1) written signs, (2) marked dispositions; III. i. 81.
Charge, command, post; V. iii. 25.
Charge; "given in c." commanded; I. i. 85.
Charges, expense; I. ii. 256.
Charity; "my charity," the charity shown to me; I iii. 277.
Cheerly, cheerfully; V. ii. 14.
Christian (trisyllabic); III. v. 26.
Circumstance, detailed argument; I. ii. 77.
Cited up, recounted; I. iv. 14.
Close, strictly confined; IV. ii. 54.
Close, secret; I. i. 158; IV. ii. 35.
Closely, secretly; III. i. 159.
Closure, enclosure; III. iii. 11.
Cloudy, having cloudy looks; II. ii. 112.
Cockatrice, a fabulous creature supposed to kill by its glance; (*v.* "*basilisk*"); IV. i. 55.
Cock-shut time, twilight ("*cock-shut*" = a kind of net used for catching woodcocks, generally set in the dusk of the evening); V. iii. 70.
Cog, deceive, cheat; I. iii. 48.
Competitors, confederates; IV. iv. 506.
Complots, plots; III. i. 192.
Conceit, conception, idea; III. iv. 51.
Concluded, officially recorded; I. iii. 15.

Condition, disposition; IV. iv. 157.
Conduct, escort; I. i. 45.
Confirm'd; "thy age c.," thy riper years; IV. iv. 171.
Consequence, sequel; IV. iv. 6.
Considerate, observant; IV. ii. 30.
Consorted, joined, associated; III. iv. 73.
Content, pay, satisfy; III. ii. 113.
Contract, contracted; III. vii. 179.
Conversation, intercourse; III. v. 31.
Conveyance; "madest quick c.," quickly removed; IV. iv. 283.
Convict, convicted; I. iv. 192.
Corse, corpse, body; I. ii. 32.
Costard, a humorous expression for the head; properly, a kind of apple; I. iv. 159.
Counted, accounted; IV. i. 47.
Cousins, grandchildren; II. ii. 8; nephew; III. i. 2.
Covert'st, most secret; III. v. 33.
Cozen'd, cheated, deceived (with a play upon "*cousins*"); IV. iv. 222.
Crosby Place, the palace of Richard, when Duke of Gloster, still standing in Bishopsgate Street (Folios "*Crosby House*"); I. ii. 213.
Cross-row, alphabet; "so-called, according to some, from the cross anciently placed before it to indicate that religion was the chief end of learning; or, as others say, from a superstitious custom of writing the alphabet in the form of a cross, by way of charm" (Nares); originally "*Christ-cross-row*"; corrupted into "*criss-row*"; then into "*cross-row*"; I. i. 55.
Crown, head; III. ii. 43.
Current, genuine; I. ii. 84.
Curst, shrewish; I. ii. 49.

Dally, trifle; II. i. 12.
Dangerous; "d. success," doubtful issue; IV. iv. 236.
Date, term, period of duration; IV. iv. 254.
Dear, extreme; I. iv. 215.
Dear, used in double sense (1) dearly loved, (2) intensely severe; II. ii. 77.
Death; "the d.," an old idiom especially used with reference to penal death; I. ii. 179.

Crosby Place.
From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Debase, lower, degrade (Folios, "*abase*"); I. ii. 247.
Declension, decline; III. vii. 189.

Decline, "run through from first to last, as in declining or giving the cases of a noun, in grammar" (Malone); IV. iv. 97.

Defend, forbid; III. vii. 173.

Defused, disordered, shapeless; "*defused* (Folios 3, 4, *diffus'd,* infection" suggested by "*divine perfection,*" I. 75); I. ii. 78.

Demise, grant, bequeath; (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*devise*"); IV. iv. 247.

Denier, the smallest coin; a tenth part of a penny; I. ii. 252.

Deny, refuse; V. iii. 343.

Descant, variations on a plain-song; III. vii. 49.

Descant, used probably in its technical sense, "to sing a part extempore upon a plain-song"; I. i. 27.

Descried, spied out, discovered; V. iii. 9.

Determined, resolved upon; I. iii. 15.

Determine of, decide upon; III. iv. 2.

Devoted, pious, holy; I. ii. 35.

Devotion, engrossing love; IV. i. 9.

Dickon, Dick; V. iii. 305.

Diet, mode of life; I. i. 139.

Direction; "of sound d.," skillful in military attacks; V. iii. 16.

Disgracious, unpleasing; III. vii. 112; ungracious; IV. iv. 177.

Dissemble, "d. not," do not gloss over; II. i. 8.

Dissembling, deceitful; I. i. 19.

Dissentious, seditious, breeding discord (Quarto 2, "*discentions*"); I. iii. 46.

Distain, stain, defile; V. iii. 322.

Distraught, distracted; III. v. 4.

Divided, separate; ("divided councils," *i.e.* "a private consultation, separate from the known and public councils"); III. i. 179.

Dread, inspiring with reverence (all editions with exception of Quartos 1, 2 read "*deare*"); III. i. 97.

Effect, execution; I. ii. 120.

Egally, equally; III. vii. 213.

Elvish-mark'd, marked and disfigured by the fairies (Folios 1, 2, "*eluish mark'd*"; Folio 3, "*elvish mark'd*"); I. iii. 228.

Ely House, in Holborn; III. iv. 32-3.

From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Embassage, embassy, message; II. i. 3.
Embracements, embraces; II. i. 30.
Empery, empire; III. vii. 136.
Enacts, performs; V. iv. 2.
Endured of, endured by; IV. iv. 304.
Enforced, forced; III. v. 46.
Enforcement, compulsion; III. vii. 233.
Enfranchise, release; I. i. 110.
England (trisyllabic); IV. iv. 263.
Engross, make gross, pamper; III. vii. 76.
Ensuing, impending (Folios "*pursuing*"); II. iii. 43.
Entertain, employ; I. ii. 257.
Entreat, treat, use; IV. iv. 151.
Entreats, entreaties; ("*entreaties*"); III. vii. 225.
Envious, malicious; I. iii. 26.
Envy, hatred; IV. i. 100.
Erroneous, mistaken; I. iv. 194.
Excellent, supreme; IV. iv. 52.
Except, excepted; V. iii. 243.
Exclaims, exclamations, outcries; I. ii. 52.
Exercise, technically, an exposition of Scripture; performance of religious duties; III. ii. 112.
Exhales, draws forth; I. ii. 58.
Expedient, expeditious; I. ii. 217.
Expiate (*v.* note); III. iii. 23.
Extremity, extreme measure; I. i. 65.
Factious for, partisans of; I. iii. 128.
Fain, gladly; I. iv. 273.
Fair, well; IV. iv. 151.
Fairest-boding, prophesying success, of good omen; V. iii. 227.
Faithful; "f. man," *i.e.* a believer, not an infidel; I. iv. 4.
Fall, let fall; V. iii. 135.
False-boding, prophesying falsely; I. iii. 247.
Father-in-law, step-father; V. iii. 81.
Faultless, innocent; I. iii. 178.
Fear; "fear him," fear for him, are anxious about him; I. i. 137.
Fearful, filled with fear; IV. ii. 126.
——, full of fear; I. i. 11.
Feature, form, shape; I. i. 19.
Field, battle-field (Folios "*ground*"); V. iii. 15.
Fire-new, brand new, fresh from the mint; I. iii. 256.
Flaky, "scattering like flakes"; V. iii. 86.
Fleeting, inconstant, fickle; I. iv. 55.
Flesh'd, hardened; IV. iii. 6.
Flourish, mere ornament, embellishment; I. iii. 241.
Flouted, scorned (Quartos, "*scorned*"); II. i. 78.
Foil, metal placed beneath a gem to set it off (Folios, "*soyle*"); V. iii. 250.
Fond, foolish (Folios, "*simple*"); III. ii. 26.

Foot-cloth horse, horse with a foot-cloth or housings; III. iv. 86.

For; "for hope," as regards hope; for want of hope (Theobald, *"for holpe"*; Steevens, *"forholpe"*; Hanmer, *"forsoke"*; Tyrwhitt, *"foredone"*); V. iii. 173.

——, because; I. i. 58.

Foreward, vanguard; V. iii. 293.

Forfeit; "the f. of my servant's life," the forfeited life of my servant; II. i. 99.

Formal, customary, conventional; III. i. 82.

Forswearing, perjury; I. iv. 201.

Forth of, away from; IV. iv. 176.

Foul, foully; III. ii. 44.

Frank'd up, cooped up in a frank or sty; I. iii. 314.

French nods, alluding to the affectation of French habits; I. iii. 49.

From, free from; III. v. 32; away from, IV. iv. 259; V. iii. 284.

Fulsome, nauseous; V. iii. 132.

Gain, gaining; III. ii. 47.

Gallant-springing, growing up in beauty; I. iv. 221.

Galled, sore with weeping; IV. iv. 53.

Garish, gaudy; IV. iv. 89.

Garland, crown; III. ii. 40.

Garter, part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366.

Gentle; "g. villain," *i.e.* nobly born v.; an ironical expression; I. iii. 163.

George, the figure of St. George, which was part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366.

Good time of day, a common form of greeting; I. i. 122.

Graced, blessed; IV. iv. 174.

Gossips, lit. godmothers, hence, used contemptuously for people of influence, patrons; I. i. 83.

Gracious, full of grace; II. iv. 20.

Gramercy, many thanks; III. ii. 108.

Gratulate, congratulate; IV. i. 10.

Graven, engraved, carved (Folios, "branded"; IV. iv. 141.

Gross, stupid, dull; III. vi. 10.

Grossly, stupidly (Quarto 1, *"Grosselie"*; Quarto 2, *"Grosselie"*; the rest, *"Grosly"*); IV. i. 80.

Ground, plain-song; a musical term; III. vii. 49.

Guildhall; III. v. 73.

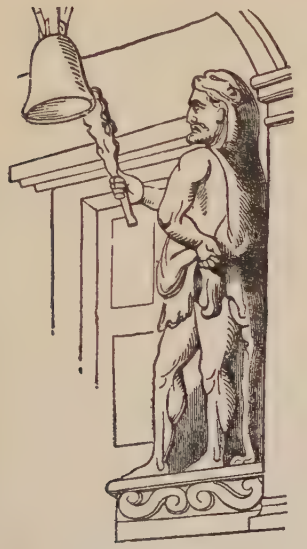
From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Gulls, dupes, fools; I. iii. 328.

Halberds, battle-axes fitted to long poles; I. ii.
Halt, limp; I. i. 23.
Handiwork, workmanship; IV. iv. 51.
Hap, fortune; I. ii. 17.
Haply, perchance, perhaps; IV. iv. 273.
Hatches, deck; I. iv. 13.
Haught, haughty; II. iii. 28.
Have done, be quiet, cease (Folios, "*Peace, peace*"); I. iii. 273.
Have with you, I'll go with you; III. ii. 92.
Heap, throng, crowd; II. i. 53.
Hearkens after, listens to, takes notice of; I. i. 54.
Heavily, sad; II. iii. 40.
——, sadly, sorrowfully; I. iv. 1.
Heavy, grievous (Folios, "*greeuous*"); IV. iv. 187.
Helm, helmet; III. ii. 11.
Helpless, useless, unavailing; I. ii. 13.
Henry, trisyllabic; II. iii. 16.
High-reaching, ambitious, aspiring; IV. ii. 31.
High-swoln, exasperate, haughty; II. ii. 117.
His, its; IV. iv. 369, 370, 371.
Holp, helped; I. ii. 107.
Honey, honeyed; IV. i. 80.
Hour (dissyllabic); IV. i. 83.
Hoday! heyday! IV. iv. 460.
Hull, lie to, drift with the tide; IV. iv. 438.
Humphrey hour (*v.* note); IV. iv. 175.

Idea, image; III. vii. 13.
Impatience (quadrisyllabic); IV. iv. 156.
Impeachments, accusations; II. ii. 22.
In, into; I. ii. 259; by, IV. i. 2.
Incapable, unable to understand; II. ii. 18.
Incensed, set on, incited; III. i. 152.
Inclusive, encircling; IV. i. 59.
Index, prelude; II. ii. 149; prologue; IV. iv. 85.
Induction, prologue, introduction; IV. iv. 5.
Inductions dangerous, "preparations for mischief; the induction is *preparatory to the action of the play*" (Johnson); I. i. 32.
Infer, allege; III. v. 75.
Innocency, innocence (Quarto 1, "*innocence*"); III. v. 20.
Instance, cause; III. ii. 25.
Intelligencer, agent; IV. iv. 71.
Intend, pretend; III. vii. 45.
Intending, pretending; III. v. 8.
Interior, inward; I. iii. 65.
Invocate, invoke; I. ii. 8.
Inward, intimate; III. iv. 8.
Iron-witted, insensible, dull; IV. ii. 28.
I wis, i-wis, certainly, truly; I. iii. 102.

Jack, mean, low-born fellow, a term of contempt, I. iii. 72, 73; '*Jack o' the clock,*' a figure which in old clocks struck the hours, IV. ii. 118.



From the specimen formerly at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, E.C.

Jet, to strut proudly, to encroach (Folios, "*jut*"); II. iv. 51.
Jot, a little, the least possible quantity; II. i. 70.
Jumpeth, accords; III. i. 11.
Just, as good as his word; I. i. 36.

Key-cold, extremely cold, used proverbially (Hanmer, "*clay-cold*"); I. ii. 5.

Labour, work for, effect; I. iv. 247.
Lackey, footboy, servant (used adjectively); V. iii. 317.
Lag, late, tardily; II. i. 90.
Laid, cast (Folios, "*cast*"); I. iii. 327.
Lanced, pierced (Folios, "*lanch'd*"); IV. iv. 224.
Lap, wrap; II. i. 115.
Leisure, the shortness of time at disposal; V. iii. 97.
Lesson'd, taught; I. iv. 240.
Lethe, the waters of oblivion; IV. iv. 250.
Level, aim; IV. iv. 202.
Lewd, vile, base (Taylor conj. "*loud*"); I. iii. 61.
Libels, defamatory writings (the only instance of the word in Shakespeare); I. i. 33.
Lie, i.e. lie in prison (used equivocally); I. i. 115.
Light-foot, light-footed, swift-footed; IV. iv. 440.
Lightly, commonly, generally; III. i. 94.
Like, same; IV. i. 9.
Likelihood, sign, indication (Folios, "*liuelyhood*"); III. iv. 57.
Likes, pleases; III. iv. 51.
Limit, appoint; V. iii. 25.
Listed, desired (Folios, "*lusted*"); III. v. 84.
Luxury, lust; III. v. 80.

Makest, dost (notice the play upon the word in I. 165, "*marr'd*"); I. iii. 164.
Malapert, saucy; I. iii. 255.
Malmsey-butt, butt of malmsey wine; I. iv. 156.
Map, picture; II. iv. 54
Mark, listen to; I. iii. 349.

Marry, a corruption of Mary; a slight oath; I. iii. 98.
Measures, stately dances; I. i. 8.
Mett'st, most fitting; III. v. 74.
Melancholy, (?) surly ("because he did not join heartily in his cause," Malone); V. iii. 68.
Mercy; "cry thee m.," beg pardon; I. iii. 235.
Mere, absolute; III. vii. 233.
Methoughts, methought, I thought (formed falsely on the analogy of "*methinks*"); I. iv. 9.
Mew'd up, imprisoned; I. i. 38.
Mid, middle; V. iii. 77.
Miscarry, die; I. iii. 16.
Misdoubt, mistrust; III. ii. 89.
Model, plan; V. iii. 24.
Moe, more; IV. iv. 199.
Monuments, memorials; I. i. 6.
Moralize, interpret; III. i. 83.
Mortal-staring, "having a deadly stare, grim-looking"; V. iii. 90.
Muse, wonder (Folios, "*muse why*"; Quartos, "*wonder*"); I. iii. 305.

Needs, absolutely (only found in Quarto 1; Collier MS., "*e'en*"); III. i. 141.
Neglect, cause to be neglected; III. iv. 25.
Neighbour to, familiar with; IV. ii. 43.
New-deliver'd, newly released from prison; I. i. 121.
Nice, trifling, insignificant; III. vii. 175.
Niece, grand-daughter; IV. i. 1.
Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; I. iii. 82.
Nonage, minority; II. iii. 13.
Novice, youth; I. iv. 222.

Obsequiously, in manner of a mourner; I. ii. 3.
Occasion, opportunity; II. ii. 148.
Odds; "at o.," at variance, quarrelling; II. i. 70.
O'erworn, worn out; I. i. 81.
Of; "too late of," *i.e.* too late for; III. v. 69.
On, against, I. i. 131; "cried on victory," *i.e.* uttered the cry of victory; V. iii. 231.
One; "all's one for that," it does not matter; V. iii. 8.
Opposite, adversary; V. iv. 3.
Opposite with, hostile to; II. ii. 94.
Order; "take o.," take measures, make preparation; I. iv. 282; give orders, IV. ii. 53.
Ordered, arranged, drawn up; V. iii. 292.
Overgo, exceed; II. ii. 61.
Owls, whose cry was believed to portend death; IV. iv. 509.

Pack-horse, beast of burden, drudge; I. iii. 122.
Painted, counterfeit, unreal; I. iii. 241.
Parcell'd, divided among several; II. ii. 81.
Parlous, perilous, dangerous; a popular pronunciation (Quartos, "*perilous*"); II. iv. 35.

Part, depart, II. i. 5; divide, V. iii. 26.

Partake of, share, hear; I. i. 89.

Party, part, side; I. iii. 138; III. ii. 47.

Passing, surpassingly; I. i. 94.

Pattern, example; I. ii: 54.

Paul's, Old St. Paul's Cathedral, used as a place of general resort for the citizens; III. vi. 3.

Pawn'd, pledged; IV. ii. 92.

Peevish, childish, silly; I. iii. 194.

Peevish-fond, childishly foolish (Folios, "*peevish found*"); IV. iv. 417.

Peise, poise, weigh down; V. iii. 105.

Pell-mell, with confused violence; V. iii. 312.

Pent up, shut up, imprisoned; IV. iii. 36.

Perforce, by force; III. i. 30.

Period, conclusion, finish, I. iii. 237; end, II. i. 44.

Pew-fellow, companion, associate (Quartos 1, 2, "*puefellow*"); IV. iv. 58.

Pill'd, pillaged, robbed; I. iii. 159.

Piping; "p. time of peace," *i.e.* "when the pipe is sounding instead of the fife"; the pipe being a sign of peace, as the fife was of war; I. i. 24.

Pitch, the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; III. vii. 188.

Pitchers have ears, a proverbial expression probably having the force of "walls have ears"; according to some it is a short form of "little pitchers have large ears"; II. iv. 37.

Plagued, punished; I. iii. 181.

Plaints, complaints, moanings (Folios, "*woes*"); II. ii. 61.

Please it, may it please (Folios, "*Pleaseth*"); IV. iv. 488.

Pleasing, pleasure (?) will, command; I. i. 13.

Pluck on, incite, urge on; IV. ii. 65.

Post, hasten; III. ii. 17.

Power, army, armed force; IV. iii. 48.

Power; "utmost p.," highest number (Quartos, "*greatest number*"); V. iii. 10.

Precedent, rough draft; III. vi. 7.

Prefer, promote, advance; IV. ii. 82.

Prepare, set in battle array; V. iii. 88.

Presently, immediately, at once; I. ii. 213.

Prime, first; IV. iii. 19.

Prime of manhood, early manhood; IV. iv. 170.

Process, order, manner, IV. iii. 32; story, IV. iv. 253.

Prodigious, monstrous; I. ii. 22.

Prolonged, put off, postponed; III. iv. 47.

Promise, assure; II. iii. 2.

Proof, experience, II. iii. 43; "in p.," in armour that has been tested, V. iii. 219.

Proper, handsome; I. ii. 255.
Puissance, power, force; V. iii. 299.
Punch, to pierce (*v.* note); V. iii. 125.

Quest, inquest, jury; I. iv. 183.
Quick, alive, I. ii. 65; lively, I. iii. 5; hearty, I. iii. 196.
Quit, requite, acquit, IV. iv. 20; requite (Quartos and Folios, "*quits*"; Pope, "*quit*"); V. iii. 262.

Rag, used contemptuously (Warburton, "*wrack*"); I. iii. 233.
Ragged, rugged, rough; IV. i. 102.
Raze, tear away violently (*v.* note), III. iv. 84; "razed," III. ii. 11.
Reason, talk; II. iii. 39.
Recomforture, comfort; IV. iv. 425.
Reduce, reconduct, bring back; II. ii. 68; V. v. 36.
Redoubted, redoubtable; IV. v. 11.
Re-edified, rebuilt; III. i. 71.
Remember'd; "had been r.," had thought of it; II. iv. 23.
Remorse, tenderness; III. vii. 211.
Remorseful, compassionate; I. ii. 156.
Replenished, perfect, consummate; IV. iii. 18.
Resolve, answer, satisfy; IV. ii. 26.
Resolved, resolute (? "*stout-resolved*"); I. iii. 340.
Respect, regard, take notice of; I. iii. 296.
Respects, considerations; III. vii. 175.
Respite, "determined r. of my wrongs," *i.e.* the fixed time to which the punishment of my wrong-doings is respited; V. i. 19.
Restrain, withhold, keep for themselves; V. iii. 322.
Retail'd, retold, related; III. i. 77.
Reverend, reverent (Quarto 1, "*reuerente*"); IV. i. 31.
Right for right, "measure for measure"; IV. iv. 15.
Ripe, matured (Quarto 1, "*my ripe*"; Folios, "*the ripe*"; the rest, "*my right*"); III. vii. 158.
Rood, cross; "by the holy rood," an oath; III. ii. 77.
Rooting hog, an allusion to the white boar, the cognizance in Richard's armorial bearings; I. iii. 228. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Rougemont, a castle in Exeter (Quartos, "*Ruge-mount*"); IV. ii. 108.

Round, surround; IV. i. 60.
Royal, "r. battle," *i.e.* a battle on which a kingdom depended; IV. iv. 538.
Royalise, make royal; I. iii. 125.
Runagate, vagabond; IV. iv. 465.

Sacrament; "receive the holy s.," take an oath; I. iv. 208.
Sanctuary, i.e. the s. at Westminster; II. iv. 66.
Scathe, injury, harm; I. iii. 317.
Scorn, mock, taunt; III. i. 153.
Scrivener, professional scribe; III. vi.
Scroll, letter, paper (Folios, "*note*"); V. iii. 41.
Seal, the great seal, held by the Lord Chancellor; II. iv. 71.
Seniory, seniority, priority; (Folio 1, "*signeurie*"); IV. iv. 36.
Sennet, set of notes played on a trumpet; III. i. 150.
Senseless-obstinate, unreasonably obstinate; III. i. 44.
Set, sunset; V. iii. 19
Several, separate; III. ii. 78; particular, respective; V. iii. 25.
Shall, "s. deal unadvisedly"; cannot help acting rashly; IV. iv. 292.
Shamefast, shame-faced (Folio3, "*shame-fac'd*"); I. iv. 137.
Sharp-provided, quick and ready, keen; III. i. 132.
Shoulder'd in, pushed into, thrust into; III. vii. 128.
Shrewd, sharp-tongued; II. iv. 35.
Shrift, confession; III. iv. 97.
Shriving work, confession; III. ii. 116.
Sights, sight; IV. i. 25.
Silken, soft, effeminate; I. iii. 53.
Sir; "Sir John"; the title of priests; III. ii. 111.
Sirrah, a form of greeting to an inferior; III. ii. 98.
Sit, to sit in council; III. i. 173.
Slower, more serious; I. ii. 116.
Slug, the symbol of slowness; III. i. 22.
Smooth, flatter (Theobald conj. "*sooth*"); I. iii. 48.
Smoothing, flattering (Quartos 1-6, "*soothing*"); I. ii. 169.
So, well; IV. iv. 182.
Soft, hush; V. iii. 178.
Solace, be happy, have comfort; II. iii. 30.
Sometime, once; IV. iv. 274.
Soothe, flatter; I. iii. 298.
Sop, anything steeped in liquor; properly the cake or wafer which floated at the top of a prepared drink; I. iv. 157.
Sort, set, pack; V. iii. 316.
Sort, make, find; II. ii. 148.
Spicery; "nest of s.," alluding to the phœnix which made a nest of spices as a funeral pyre, a new bird rising from its ashes; IV. iv. 424.
Spleen, malice, hatred; II. iv. 64; heat, impetuosity; V. iii. 350.

Squeak'd, shrieked; (Folios, "*shriek'd*"); I. iv. 54.
Stall'd, installed, invested; I. iii. 206.
Stands; "it st. me much upon," it is very important for me; IV. ii. 59.
Startled, started (Folios, Quartos 7, 8, "*started*"); III. iv. 87.
Statuës (Quartos, Folios, "*statues*"; Steevens "*statuas*"); III. vii. 25.
Staves, the shafts of the lances; V. iii. 65.
Stealing, stealing on imperceptibly; III. vii. 168.
Still, constant, continual; IV. iv. 229.
Still, continually, always; I. iii. 222.
Still lasting, everlasting, perpetual; IV. iv. 344.
Stout, bold; ? "*stout-resolved*"; I. iii. 340; *v.* "*resolved.*"
Straitly, strictly; I. i. 85.
Strength, army, force; V. iii. 26.
Stroke; "keep'st the s.," keepest on striking; IV. ii. 118.
Struck; "well s. in years," advanced in age; I. i. 92.
Suborn, procure; IV. iii. 4.
Substitute, proxy; III. vii. 181.
Success, issue; IV. iv. 236.
Successively, in order of succession; III. vii. 135.
Sudden, quick; I. iii. 346.
Suddenly, quickly, at once; IV. ii. 20.
Suggestion, instigation; III. ii. 103.
Sunder, "in s.," asunder (Folios, "*asunder*"); IV. i. 34.
Suspects, suspicious; I. iii. 89.
Swelling, angry; II. i. 51.
Sword, sword of State; IV. iv. 470.

Tackling, rigging; IV. iv. 233.
Take him, strike him; I. iv. 154.
Tall, active, strong; I. iv. 152.
Tamworth, on the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire; V. ii. 13.
Tardy; "ta'an t.," caught lagging; IV. i. 52.
Tear-falling, tear-dropping; IV. ii. 66.
Teen, sorrow; IV. i. 97.
Tell, "t. the clock," *i.e.* count the strokes of the clock; V. iii. 276.
Tell o'er, re-count; IV. iv. 39.
Tempers, moulds, fashions; I. i. 65.
Tender, care for; II. iv. 72.
Tendering, having a care for; I. i. 44.
Tetchy, fretful; IV. iv. 168.
That, so that; I. ii. 163; if that, III. vii. 157.
Thin, thinly covered; II. i. 117.
Thought; "in t.," in silence; III. vi. 14.
Thrall, slave; IV. i. 46.
Tidings ("*this tidings,*" so Quartos 1-5, and Folio 1).
Timeless, untimely; I. ii. 117.
Timorour, full of fear; IV. i. 85.
To, as to; III. ii. 27.
Touch, touchstone, by which gold is tested; IV. ii. 8; trait, dash; IV. iv. 157.

Toys, trifles, freaks of imagination; I. i. 60.
Troublous, turbulent, restless; II. iii. 5.
Truth, integrity; III. ii. 94.
Turn, return; IV. iv. 184.
Type, badge; IV. iv. 244.

Unadvisedly, rashly; IV. iv. 292.
Unavoided, not avoided, not shunned; IV. i. 56; unavoidable, IV. iv. 217.
Unblown, unopened (Folio 1, "*unblowed*"); IV. iv. 10.
Unhappiness, "evilness," (?) "disposition to mischief"; I. ii. 25.
Unlook'd, unlooked for; I. iii. 214.
Unmannerd, unmannerly (Quarto 8, "*Unmannerly*"); I. ii. 39.
Unmeritable, unmeriting, devoid of merit; III. vii. 155.
Unrespective, unobservant; IV. ii. 29.
Unsatiate, insatiate (Folios, "*insatiate*"); III. v. 87.
Unshapen, misshaped (Folios, "*mishapen*"); I. ii. 251.
Untainted, unaccused; III. vi. 9.
Unvalued, invaluable, intestimable; I. iv. 27.
Unviolable, inviolable (Folios, "*inuiolable*"); II. i. 27.
Upon, "deal u.," *i.e.* deal with; IV. ii. 75.

Vantage, advantage; I. iii. 310.
Vaunts, exults; V. iii. 288.
Venom, venomed, poisonous; I. iii. 291.
Venom'd, venomous; I. ii. 20.
Venture, adventures (Capell's emendation; Quartos and Folios, "*adventures*"); V. iii. 319.
Verge, circle, compass; IV. i. 59.
Vice, a common character in the old morality plays; III. i. 82.
Visitation, visit; III. vii. 107.
Vizard, mask (Folios "*Vizor*"); II. ii. 28.
Voice, vote; III. ii. 53.

Wagging, moving; III. v. 7.
Wail, bewail; II. ii. 11.
Want, lack; V. iii. 13.
Ward, guard, protect; V. iii. 254.
Warn, summon; I. iii. 39.
Watch, watch-light; V. iii. 63.

From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Watery; "w. moon," *i.e.* ruler of the tides; II. ii. 69.
Way, best course; I. i. 78.
Weigh, prize, regard; III. i. 121.
Welkin, sky; V. iii. 341.
Wheel'd, turned (Folios, "*whirl'd*"); IV. iv. 105.
Whether (monosyllabic; Folio 1, "*where*"); III. vii. 229.
While, "the w.," the present time; II. iii. 8.
Whit, jot; III. iv. 82.
White-Friars, a convent near Fleet Street; I. ii. 227.
White-liver'd, cowardly (the liver was regarded as the seat of courage); IV. iv. 465.
Windows, eyelids; V. iii. 116.
With, by; IV. iii. 47.
Withal, with; III. vii. 57.
Witty, sharp-witted, cunning; IV. ii. 42.
Wot, knows; II. iii. 18.
Wretched, hateful, abominable (Collier, "*reckless*"); V. ii. 7.
Wrongs, wrong-doings; V. i. 19.

Interior of the Bowyer's Tower, the traditional place of Clarence's drowning. From an engraving by Fairholt.

Critical Notes.

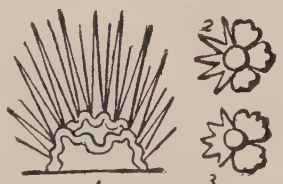
BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 2. '*Sun of York*'; probably an allusion to the device of a sun, the cognizance of Edward IV. Quartos, '*sonne*'; Folios, '*Son*'; Rowe, '*sun.*' (*Cp.* illustration.)

I. i. 15. '*to court an amorous looking-glass*'; Vaughan thought the line might be improved by a slight emendation:—'*an amorous looking lass*'(!).

I. i. 26. '*spy*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*see.*'

I. i. 61. '*have*'; so Quartos and Folios 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*hath.*'



From badges of the House of York, worn by (1) Richard II., (2) Edward IV., (3) Richard III. Figs (2) and (3) show the conjunction of a half-faced sun and a white rose.

I. i. 65. '*That tempers him to this extremity*'; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2-8 read, '*That tempts him,*' etc. (Quarto 3, '*temps*'); Folios read, '*That tempts him to this harsh extremity*'; Anon. conj. '*That tempts him now to this extremity.*'

I. i. 75. '*was to her for his*'; so Quartos; Folio 1, '*was, for her*'; Folios 2, 3, '*was, for his.*'

I. i. 132. '*eagle*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Eagles.*'

I. i. 133. '*prey*'; so Quartos; *Folios,* '*play.*'

I. i. 138. '*by Saint Paul*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*by S. Iohn,*' a favourite oath of Richard's.

I. ii. 8. '*be it,*' monosyllabic.

I. ii. 14. '*Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes*'; Quartos, '*Curst*'; Folios, '*O Curst*'; Quartos 1, 2, '*these fatal*'; Quartos 3-8, '*the fatall*'; Folios, '*these.*'

I. ii. 16, 25. Omitted in Quartos.

I. ii. 19. '*to adders, spiders*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*to wolves, to spiders.*'

I. ii. 60, 61. '*Thy deed . . . Prouokes*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*Deeds . . . Prouokes*'; Folio 4, '*deed . . . Prouoke.*'

I. ii. 76. '*evils*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*crimes.*'

I. ii. 89. '*Why, then they are not dead*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*Then say they were not slaine.*'

I. ii. 127. '*These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck*'; Quartos, '*never*'; Folios read, '*not*'; Quartos, '*sweet*'; Folios 1, 2, '*yt*'; Folios 3, 4, '*that*'; '*wreck,*' Theobald's emendation of '*wreck*' of Quartos and Folios.

I. ii. 135. '*you*'; Folios, '*thee.*'

I. ii. 147. '*Never hung poison on a fouler toad*'; alluding to the old belief that toads were venomous.

I. ii. 156, 167. Omitted in Quartos.

I. ii. 180. '*for I did kill King Henry*'; Quartos read, '*twas I that kild your husband.*'

I. ii. 182. ''*twas I that stabb'd young Edward*'; Quartos read, ''*twas I that kild King Henry.*'

I. ii. 186. '*the*'; Folios, '*thy.*'

I. ii. 203. Omitted in Folios.

I. ii. 207. '*deuoted suppliant*'; so Quarto 1; Folios read, '*deuoted seruant*'; the rest, '*suppliant.*'

I. ii. 211. '*would,*' the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*may*'; '*thee,*' so Quartos; Folios, '*you.*'

I. ii. 212. '*more*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*most.*'

I. ii. 226. '*Sirs, take up the corse*'; omitted in Folios.

I. ii. 228, 229:—

> '*Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?*
> *Was ever woman in this humour won?*'
> *cp.* '*She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;*
> *She is a woman, therefore may be won.*'
> *Titus And.*, II. i. 82, 83.
>
> "*She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;*
> *She is a woman, therefore to be won.*"
> 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 77, 78.

I. ii. 236. '*nothing*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*no Friends.*'

I. iii. 5. '*words*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*eyes.*'

I. iii. 7. '*harm*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*harmes.*'

I. iii. 17. '*Here come the lords*'; so Quartos 1, 2; Quartos 3-8, '*Here comes the Lords*'; Folios, '*Here comes the Lord*'; Theobald altered '*Derby*' to '*Stanley,*' as Thomas, Lord Stanley, was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII.

I. iii. 36. '*Madam, we did*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*I* (*i.e. Aye*) *Madam*'; Quartos, '*Madame we did.*'

I. iii. 43. '*who are they that complain*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*who is it that complaines.*'

I. iii. 58. '*person*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Grace.*'

I. iii. 67. '*kindred*'; so Quartos 1, 6, 7, 8; Quartos 2, 3, 4, 5 read, '*kinred*'; Folios, '*children.*'

I. iii. 68, 69. '*Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it,*' the reading of Quartos 1-6. (Quarto 6, '*grounds*'); Folios read, '*Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground*'? Pope, '*Makes him to send that he may learn the ground Of your ill-will, and thereby to remove it*'; Capell, '*Hath sent for you; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it,*' etc.

I. iii. 77. '*we*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*I.*'

I. iii. 80. '*whilst many fair promotions*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*while great promotions*'; (evidently to be read as a quadrisyllable).

I. iii. 90. '*cause*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*meane.*'

I. iii. 106. '*With those gross taunts I often have endured*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*Of those . . . that oft I have e.*'.

I. iii. 109. '*thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at.*'

I. iii. 114. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 116. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 130. *'Margaret's battle at St. Alban's,' i.e.* the second battle of St. Albans, Feb. 17, 1461.

I. iii. 161. *'I being queen'*; so the Quartos; Folios read, *'I am queen.'*

I. iii. 167-169. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 219. *'them,' i.e.* heaven, used in plural sense.

I. iiii. 287. *'I'll not believe'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'I will not thinke.'*

I. iii. 321. *'And for your grace; and you, my noble lords'*; Folios, *'And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.'*

I. iii. 337. *'old odd ends stolen out'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'odde old ends stolen forth.'*

I. iii. 354. *'Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears,'* a proverbial expression; *'drop tears'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'fall Teares.'*

I. iv. 3. *'So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'So full of fearefull Dreames, of ugly sights.'*

I. iv. 9, 10. *'Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundy.'*

I. iv. 25. *'ten thousand'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'a thousand.'*

I. iv. 28. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 36, 37. *'and often . . . ghost'*; omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 38. *'kept in'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'Stop'd.'*

I. iv. 45. *'who'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'I'*; *'flood,'* river (*'melancholy flood,' i.e.* the river Styx).

I. iv. 46. *'grim ferryman'*; *i.e.* Charon; so Quartos; Folios, *'sowre f.'*

I. iv. 57. *'to your torments'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'unto Torment.'*

I. iv. 59. *'environ'd me about'*; so Quartos; Folios omit *'about.'*

I. iv. 65. *'I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it'*; so the Quartos; Folios read, *'I am affraid (me thinkes) to hear you tell it.'*

I. iv. 66. *'O Brakenbury'*; Quartos read, *'O Brokenbury'*; Folios, *'Ah Keeper, Keeper!'*; *'those,'* so Quartos; Folios, *'these.'*

I. iv. 69-72. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 72. *'My guiltless wife'*; Clarence's wife died before this date.

I. iv. 73. *'I pray thee, gentle Keeper, stay by me'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, *'Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while.'*

I. iv. 85. *'In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'What would'st thou, Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither?'*

I. iv. 95. *'Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.'*

I. iv. 104. *'till the judgement-day'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'untill the great judgement-day.'*

I. iv. 113-114. Omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 118. *'my holy humour'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'this passionate humor of mine.'*

I. iv. 133. *'it . . . thing'*; omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 153. *'shall we to this gear?'* so Quartos; Folios read, *'shall we fall to worke.'*

I. iv. 155. *'we will chop him in'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'throw him into.'*

I. iv. 169. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 180. *'call'd forth from out'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'drawne forth among.'*

I. iv. 188. *'to have redemption'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'for any goodness.'*

I. iv. 189. Omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 216. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 249. *'this world's'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'this earth's.'*

I. iv. 258-267. *'Relent! 'tis,'* etc.; Folios, *'Relent? no: 'Tis,'* etc.; the text is due to a blending of the readings of Quartos and Folios, first suggested by Tyrwhitt (*vide* Note vii., Camb. ed.).

I. iv. 273. *'like Pilate'*; *cp.* Matthew xxvii. 24.

I. iv. 274. *'grievous guilty murder done'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'grievous murther.'*

I. iv. 282. *'Until the duke take'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'Till that the Duke give.'*

II. i. 5. *'now in peace'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'more to peace.'*

II. i. 7. *'Rivers and Hastings'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'Dorset and Rivers.'*

II. i. 33. *'On you or yours'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, *'Vpon your Grace.'*

II. i. 40. *'zeal'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'loue.'*

II. i. 44. *'perfect'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'blessed.'*

II. i. 45. *'And, in good time, here comes the noble duke'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'And in good time, Heere comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke.'*

II. i. 56. *'unwittingly'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'unwillingly.'*

II. i. 66. *'Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you'*; so Quartos 1-4; Folios read, *'Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset.'*

II. i. 67. *'have frown'd on me'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, *'have frown'd on me, Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you.'*

II. i. 69-72. Quoted by Milton in *Iconoclastes* by way of illustrating his statement that "the poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never nine pious words in the mouth of any person, than of a tyrant."

II. i. 98. *'Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st'*; *'speak,'* the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'say'*; *'demandest,'* the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'requests.'*

II. i. 103. *'that tongue'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'the same.'*

II. i. 104. *'slew'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'kill'd.'*

II. i. 105. *'cruel'*; Quartos; Folios. *'bitter.'*

II. i. 116. *'his own garments'*; Quartos 6, 7, 8, *'his owne armes'*; Folios, *'his Garments'*; *'gave,'* so Quartos; Folios, *'did give.'*

II. ii. 11. *'sorrow to wail'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'labour to weepe for.'*

II. i. 15. *'daily'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'earnest'*; Pope, *'daily earnest,'* omittting *'all to that effect.'*

II. ii. 16. Omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 46. *'perpetual rest'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'nere-changing night'*; Collier MS., *'nere-changing light.'*

II. ii. 84-85. *'So do I; I for an Edward weep'*; omitted in Folios.

II. ii. ll. 89-100, 123-140, omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 101. *'Madam'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'Sister.'*

II. ii. 144. *'weighty'*; reading of Quartos; Folios omit it.

II. iii. 4. *'Seldom comes the better'*; a proverbial expression; found in Ray's *Proverbs.*

II. iii. 11. *'Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child'*; *cp.* Ecclesiastes x. 16.

II. iii. 28. *'sons and brothers haught'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'kindred hauty'*; Capell conj., *'kindred hauty are.'*

II. iv. 20. *'if this rule were true'*; so the Cambridge Editors;

Quartos 1, 2, *'if this were a true rule'*; Quartos 3-8, *'if this were a rule'*; Folios, *'if his rule were true.'*

II. iv. 62, 63. *'blood against blood, Self,'* etc.; so Quartos; Folios, *'Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, selfe,'* etc.

II. iv. 67. *'Madam, farewell'*; omitted in Quartos.

III. i. 82. *'formal vice, Iniquity'*; Hanmer reads, *'formal wise antiquary'*; Warburton, *'formal-wise antiquity'*; *'Iniquity'* was no uncommon name of the formal (*i.e.* conventional) comic character, the *Vice,* of the Morality plays (*cp. e.g. 'The Nice Wanton'*).

III. i. 110, 111; observe this instance of dramatic irony.

III. i. 172, 173, omitted in Quartos.

III. i. 176. *'icy-cold'*; Ingleby's conj.; Quartos and Folios read, *'icie, cold.'*

III. i. 193. *'Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'Chop off his Head: something wee will determine.'*

III. ii. 11. *'razed'*; Quartos 1-4, *'raste'*; Quarto 5, *'caste'*; Folios 1, 2, *'rased off'*; Folios 3, 4, *'raised off.'* Quoted in Nares *'rashed.'* To *rase* or *rash* seems to have been an old hunting term used specially for the violence of the boar.

III. ii. 55. *'I will not do it, to the death'*; *i.e.* though death be the consequence.

III. ii. 108. *'fellow'*; Quartos read, *'Hastings.'*

III. iii. 7, 8. Omitted in Quartos.

III. iii. 15. After this line Folios insert:—*'When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I'*; omitted in Quartos.

III. iii. 23. *'Make haste; the hour of death is expiate'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2-4, *'is now expired'* (*cp. supra* l. 8): *expiate* = ended, terminated; Quartos read, *'Come, come, dispatch; the limit of your lives is out'*; Steevens, *'expirate.'*

III. iv. 1. *'My lords, at once'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'Now, Noble Peers.'*

III. iv. 10. *'Who, I, my lord,'* etc., so Quartos; the Folio:—

> *'We know each other's Face; for our Hearts*
> *He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,*
> *Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine.'*

III. iv. 77. *'Tellest thou me of "ifs"'* so Quartos; Folios, *'Talk'st thou to me of "ifs."'*

III. iv. 84. *'raze his helm'*; Quartos read, *'race his helme'*; Folios 1, 2, *'rowse our Helmes'*; Folios 3, 4, *'rowze our Helmes'*; Rowe, *'rase our helms'*; *cp. supra* III. ii. 11.

III. iv. 85. *'But I disdain'd, and did scorn to fly'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'And I did scorn it, and disdaine to flye.'*

III. iv. 98. *'grace of mortal'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'state of worldly.'*

III. iv. 104-107. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 5. *'Tut, I can'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'Tut feare not me, I can.'*

III. v. 7. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 10-21. The first Quarto differs in many points from this, the reading of the Folios, especially in making Catesby enter with Hastings' head, though previously Gloster has ordered him 'to overlook the walls.' A similar discrepancy occurs in Scene 4, ll. 80, 81.

III. v. 52. Gloucester's speech given to 'Buckingham' in Folios.

III. v. 70, 71. *'Yet witness . . . farewell'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.'*

III. v. 97. *'and . . . adieu'*; 103-105. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 101-102. *'I go . . . affords'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'About three or four a clocke looke to heare What news Guildhall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.'*

III. vi. 12. *'blind'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'bold.'*

III. vii. 24. *'they spake not a word,'* omitted in Quartos.

III. vii. 25. *'breathing stones,' i.e.* they were able to breathe, but without the power of speech; later Quartos, *'breathlesse s.'*

III. vii. ll. 98, 99, 120, 127, 144-153, 202, omitted in Quartos.

III. vii. 220. Omitted in Folios, where the previous line reads, *'Come, citiizens, we will entreat no more.'*

III. vii. 240. *'Richard, England's royal king'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'King Richard, England's worthie king.'*

IV. i. 7. *'As much to you, good sister! Whither away?'* the reading of Folios; Quartos, which omit ll. 2-6, read, *'Sister, well met, whether awaie so fast?'*

IV. i. 14. *'How doth the prince, and my young son of York?'* so Folios; Quartos read, *'How fares the Prince?'*

IV. i. 15. *'Right well, dear Madam. By your patience'*; the reading of Folios; Quartos read, *'Well, Madam, and in health, but by your leave.'*

IV. i. 18. *'why who's that?'* the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'who's that?'*

IV. i. 25. *'Then bring me to their sights'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'Then feare not thou.'*

IV. i. 51. '*To meet you on the way, and welcome you*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*In your behalfe, to meet you on the way.*'

IV. i. 61. '*red-hot steel*'; Steevens says, 'She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz., by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head.'

IV. i. 66. '*Why?*'; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. i. 76-77. '*As miserable by the death of thee As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*More miserable by the life of thee, Then*' etc.; *cp.* I. ii. 27.

IV. i. 96. '*Eighty odd years*'; the Duchess was actually only sixty-eight at this time.

IV. i. 98-104. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. ii. 16. '*That Edward still should live true noble prince*'; so Quartos and Folios; Theobald, '*That Edward still should live, True noble Prince.*'

IV. ii. 46-53. In the lines the Cambridge text follows substantially the reading of the Quartos in preference to the Folios, where the passage is carelessly printed.

IV. ii. 56. '*The boy is foolish*'; *i.e.* Edward Plantagenet, who had been kept imprisoned in the Tower almost from his tenderest years.

IV. ii. 102-119. Omitted in Folios.

IV. iii. 5. '*this ruthless piece of butchery*'; so Quartos 1, 2; Quarto 3, '*thir ruthfull . . .*,' etc.; Quartos 4-8, '*this ruthfull . . .*,' etc.; Folios, '*This peece of ruthfull Butchery.*'

IV. iii. 11. '*innocent alabaster*'; so Quarto 8; Quartos 1-7, '*innocent alablaster*'; Folios 1, 2, 3 read, '*Alablaster innocent*'; Folio 4, '*Alabaster innocent.*'

IV. iii. 40. '*the Breton Richmond*'; "after the battle of Tewkesbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II., Duke of Bretagne" (Malone).

IV. iv. 17-19, placed after line 34 in Folios.

IV. iv. 20, 21, 28. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 41. '*Harry*'; Quartos, '*Richard*'; Folios, '*Husband.*'..

IV. iv. 52-53. Omitted in Quartos; transposed in Folios.

IV. iv. 72. '*their,*' *i.e.,* hell's; *cp.* the use of 'heaven,' I. iii. 219.

IV. iv. 88-90. The reading of the Quartos is followed in these lines in preference to that of the Folios:—

> '*A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagg,*
> *To be the aymne of every dangerous shot;*
> *A sign of dignity, a Breath, a Bubble.*'

IV. iv. 102-104 transposed; line 103 omitted in Quartos. Folios *'she'* for *'one.'*

IV. iv. 175. *'Humphrey Hour'*; perhaps a mere personification, as it were, of some particular Hour, formed on the analogy of such phrases as *'Tom Trott,'* etc. According to some, there is an allusion to the phrase 'to dine with Duke Humphrey.'

IV. iv. 179-182. *'I prithee . . . So.'*; so Folios; Quartos read, 'Du. *O hear me speake, for I shall never see thee more.* King. *Come, come, you are too bitter.*"

IV. iv. 221-234. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 235-236. *'my enterprise, And dangerous success of bloody wars'*; so Folios; Quartos, read, *'my dangerous attempt of hostile armes.'*

IV. iv. 275, 276. *'steep'd in Rutland's blood,—A handkerchief'*; so Folios; Quartos, read, *'a handkercher steept in Rutlands bloud.'*

IV. iv. 276-277, 288-342. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 324. *'Of ten times'*; Theobald's correction of Folios, *'Oftentimes.'*

IV. iv. 387. *'What canst thou swear by now?'* omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 511-516. So the Folios; the Quartos differ materially in the phraseology of the lines.

V. ii. 17. *'Every man's conscience is a thousand swords'*; Folios, *'men'* for *'swords'*; the words paraphrase *'Conscientia nulle testes.'*

V. iii. 2. *'My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?'*; so the Folios; Quarto 1 reads, *'Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookst thou so bad?'* the other Quartos, *'Whie . . . so sad?'*

V. iii. 22. *'Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd.'*

V. iii. 23-26. In Quartos these lines are inserted between ll. 43 and 44, and ll. 27, 28, 43 are omitted.

V. iii. 40. *'Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speak with him.'*

V. iii. 95. *'tender George'*; George Stanley was at this time already married, tho' Shakespeare, following Hall and Holinshed, makes him a child.

V. iii. 125. *'By thee was punched full of deadly holes'*; this has been described as one of the worst lines in all Shakespeare,

but this is due to the fact that critics have confused (i.) 'punch,' the technical word for making use of the *puncheon*, a shoemaker's tool for making holes (Fr. *poinson*, a bodkin, L. *punctionem*), with (ii.) *punch*, to beat, which is a distinct word, and is merely an abbreviation of *punish*.

V. iii. 143. *'Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!'*; Capell reads, *'hurtless lance'*; Collier MS., *'pointless lance'*; but no change is necessary; the line is probably intentionally abrupt, *cp.* 148.

V. iii. 152. *'lead'*; so Quarto 1; all others eds., *'laid.'*

V. iii. 162-163. These lines are Lettsom's conjecture, the true lines being lost.

V. iii. 173. *'I died for hope'*; *i.e.*, 'for want of hope,' *cp.* *'dead for hope'* (Greene's *James IV., V., VI.*) = 'dead to hope.' Various unnecessary emendations have been proposed (*v.* Glossary).

V. iii. 180. *'the lights burn blue,'* alluding to the old superstitious belief that when a spirit was present the lights burnt blue.

V. iii. 204-206. *'Methought . . . Richard'*; Johnson proposed to place these lines after line 192.

V. iii. 212-214. 'KING RICH. *O Ratcliff . . . my lord,'* omitted in Folios.

V. iii. 221. *'eaves-dropper,'* so Folio 4; Quarto 1, *'ease dropper'*; Quarto 2, *'ewse dropper'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'Ease-dropper.'*

V. iii. 317. *'Bretons'*; Capell's emendation; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 5, *'Brittains'*; Folios 3, 4, *'Britains'*; Pope, *'Britons.'*

V. iii. 322. *'restrain'*; so Quartos and Folios. Warburton proposed *'distrain'* and this reading has been adopted by several modern editors.

V. iii. 324. *'Mother's cost,'* should be *'brother's cost'*; the error —a mere printer's error—was due to the 2d edition of Holinshed; *cp.* Hall, *'brought up by my brother's* (*i.e.*, Richard's brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy) *meanes and mine.'*

V. iii. 345. *'the enemy is past the marsh'*; "There was a large marsh in Bosworth plaine between the two armies, which Richard passed, and arranged his forces so that it protected his right wing. He thus also compelled the enemy to fight with the sun in their faces, a great disadvantage when the bows and arrows were in use" (Malone).

V. v. 9. *'But tell me, is young George Stanley living?'*; so Folios and Quartos. Pope, *'tell me first'*; Keightley, *'tell me, pray,'* etc. There is no need to emend; *'George'* is evidently dissyllabic.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

13. *To the lascivious pleasing of a lute*:—A passage in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, runs thus: "Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances?"

56, 57. *a wizard told him*, etc.:—This is founded on the following passage in Holinshed: "Some have reported, that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a foolish prophesie, which was, that after K. Edward one should reigne, whose first letter of his name should be a G. Wherewith the king and queene were sore troubled, and began to conceive a greevous grudge against this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end. And as the divell is woont to incumber the minds of men which delite in such divelish fantasies, they said afterward, that that prophesie lost none of his effect, when, after king Edward, Gloucester usurped his kingdome."

158. *secret close intent*:—Probably to get into his hands the son and daughter of Clarence, who had been left in the care of Lady Anne, their aunt, and had succeeded to the larger portion of the vast estates of their grandfather, the great Earl of Warwick.

Scene II.

33. *Stay, you that bear the corse*:—Brandes says: "It is while Anne is accompanying the bier of the murdered Henry VI. that the murderer confronts her, stops the funeral procession with drawn sword, calmly endures all the outbursts of hatred, loathing, and contempt with which Anne overwhelms him, and, having shaken off her invectives like water from a duck's back, advances his suit, plays his comedy of love, and there and then so turns the current of her will that she allows him to hope, and even accepts his ring. The scene is historically impossible, since Queen Margaret took Anne with her in her flight after the battle of Tewksbury, and Clarence kept her in concealment until two years after the death of Henry VI., when Richard discovered her in London. It has, moreover, something astonishing, or rather bewildering, about it at the first reading, appearing as though written for a wager, or to outdo some predecessor. Nevertheless it is by no means unnatural. What may with justice be objected to it is that it is unprepared. The mistake is, that we are first introduced to Anne in the scene itself, and consequently form no judgement as to whether her action does or does not accord with her character. The art of dramatic writing consists almost entirely in preparing for what is to come, and then, in spite of, nay, in virtue of the preparation, taking the audience by surprise. Surprise without preparation loses half its effect. But this is only a technical flaw which so great a master would in riper years have remedied with ease. The essential feature of the scene is its tremendous daring and strength, or, psychologically speaking, the depth of early-developed contempt for womankind into which it affords us a glimpse."

55, 56. *dead Henry's wounds,* etc.:—This is founded on Holinshed's account of Henry's funeral: "The dead corps was conveied from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced: the same in presence of the beholders *did bleed.* From thense he was caried to the Blackfriers, and *bled there* likewise." It used to be thought that the body of a murdered person would bleed afresh, if touched or approached by the murderer. Sir Kenelm Digby had so much faith in this, that he undertook to account for it. The matter is thus referred to by Drayton:—

"If the vile actors of the heinous deed
Near the dead body happily be brought,
Oft 't hath been prov'd the breathless corpse will bleed."

The lovers of romance will not be apt to forget the means used for detecting the murderer of Oliver Proudfute, in Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth.*

242. *at Tewksbury*:—This fixes the time of the scene to August, 1471. King Edward, however, is introduced in the second Act dying. That king died in April, 1483; consequently there is an interval between this and the next Act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding Scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI., was in fact not confined till February, 1478, nearly seven years afterwards.

Scene III.

16. [*Enter Buckingham.*] Henry Stafford, this Duke of Buckingham, was descended, on his father's side, from Thomas of Woodstock, the fifth son of Edward III. His mother was Margaret, daughter to Edmund Beaufort, the Duke of Somerset, who fell in the first battle of St. Albans. So that on his mother's side Buckingham was descended from John of Ghent, third son of the same great Edward. He was as accomplished and as unprincipled as he was nobly descended.

20. *The Countess Richmond*:—The Countess of Richmond was Margaret, the only child of John Beaufort, the first Duke of Somerset. Margaret's first husband was Edmund, Earl of Richmond, son of Owen Tudor, by whom she became the mother of Henry VII. Afterwards she was married successively to Sir Henry Stafford, uncle of Buckingham, and to the Earl of Derby of this play, but had no more children. She lived to a great age, and was so highly reputed for prudence and virtue, that her grandson, Henry VIII., was mainly guided by her advice in forming his first council.

167. *banished*:—Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, and Edward issued a proclamation prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her

father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. So that her introduction here is a dramatic fiction.

228. *Thou elvish-mark'd,* etc.:—It was an old prejudice, which is not yet quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed are *marked* by mischievous or malignant *elves*. She calls him *hog,* in allusion to his cognizance, which was a *boar*. "The expression," says Warburton, "is fine: remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens, intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons." The rhyme of Collingbourne, as given in Heywood's *Edward IV.,* will illustrate this:—

> "The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
> Doe rule all England under a *hog*.
> The crooke backt boore the way hath found
> To root our roses from our ground,
> Both flower and bud will be confound,
> Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
> And then the dog, the cat, and rat
> Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

The persons aimed at in this rhyme were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Scene IV.

10. Clarence was desirous to aid his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nanci, in January, 1477.

80, 81. They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications.

284. The Duke of Clarence was arraigned for treason before the Parliament, convicted, and sentenced to death. This was in February, 1478, and a few days later it was announced that he had died in the Tower. So that this first Act of the play embraces a period of nearly seven years, the death of King Henry having occurred in May, 1471. The manner of Clarence's death has never been ascertained. It was generally attributed to the machinations of Richard. This suspicion is referred to by Holinshed, Sir Thomas More, and other writers of their time. There was a fierce grudge between the dukes, growing out of their rapacity towards the Warwick estates.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

69-72. *I do not know . . . humility,* etc.:—In his *Eikonoklastes,* Milton refers to this passage: "The poets, and some English have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place. I intended (saith he) not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies. The like saith Richard." Milton here quotes the lines above indicated, and adds: "Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the Poet used not much license in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but his religion."

102 *et seq.* "This lamentation," says Johnson, "is very tender and pathetic. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others." For this speech the Poet had the following hint in Holinshed: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were consenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his infortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution; insomuch that, when anie person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomablie saie—'Oh, infortunate brother! for whose life not one would make sute!'"

Scene II.

[*Enter the Duchess of York.*] Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard, Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.

121. *Ludlow*:—Edward, the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as Prince of Wales; under the governance of the Earl of Rivers, his uncle

by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches and by his presence to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild and unruly.

Scene III.

12-15. *In him . . . govern well*:—We may hope well of his government under all circumstances; we may hope this of his council while he is in his non-age, and of himself in his riper years.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Enter . . . Cardinal Bourchier.*] Thomas Bourchier was made a cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.

56. *sanctuary children*:—This argument is from Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.*: "Verilie *I have often heard of sanctuarie men, but I never heard erste of sanctuarie children.* But he can be no sanctuarie manne, that neither hath wisedom to desire it, nor malice to deserve it, whose life or libertie can by no lawfull processe stand in jeopardie. And he that taketh one out of sanctuarie to doo him good, I saye plainlie that he breaketh no sanctuarie."

79. *So wise so young*, etc.:—"I have knowne children languishing of the splene," says Bright, in his *Treatise on Melancholy* (1586), "obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravity and wisdome surpassing those tender years, and their judgements carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdome of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease which other have by course of yeares; whereon I take it the proverbe ariseth, that *they be of shorte life who are of wit so pregnant.*"

82. *the formal vice, Iniquity*:—The part of the vice or jester of the old morality plays appears to have been on all occasions much the same, consisting in a given round or *set form* of action; for which cause, probably, the epithet *formal* is here applied to him. The following is Gifford's description of him: "He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office—to instigate the hero of the piece

to wickedness, and at the same time to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage, by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender." In Ben Jonson's play, *The Devil is an Ass,* we have among the characters, *Satan, the great Devil*; *Pug, the less Devil*; *Iniquity, the Vice.*

130, 131. York alludes to the hump on Gloucester's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens: So in Ulpian Fulwell's *Ars Adulandi,* 1576: "Thou hast an excellent *back* to carry my lord's ape."

Scene II.

33. *the boar*:—Meaning, of course, Richard, whose crest was adorned with the figure of that amiable beast.

Scene III.

5. *God keep the prince*:—"Queen Elizabeth Grey," says Walpole, "is deservedly pitied for the loss of her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how slightly the death of Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors."

Scene IV.

[*Enter . . . the Bishop of Ely.*] Dr. John Morton was elected to the See of Ely in 1478. He was advanced to the See of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry, Earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV.; and was a principal

agent in procuring Henry, when abroad, to enter into a covenant for the purpose.

5. *wants but nomination*:—The only thing wanting is the naming of the time or the appointment of a day for the ceremony.

33-35. *When I was last,* etc.:—This easy affability and smoothness of humour when going about the blackest and bloodiest crimes is one of the most decisive strokes in this terrible portrait. The incident is thus related by More: "These lords so sitting togither communing of this matter, the protector came in amongst them first about nine of the clocke, saluting them courteouslie, and excusing himselfe that had been from them so long, saieing merilie that he had beene a sleeper that daie. After a little talking with them he said unto the Bishop of Elie—My lord, you have verie good strawberies at your garden in Holborne; I require you, let us have a messe of them. Gladlie, my lord, quoth he; would God I had some better thing as readie to your pleasure as that! And therewithall in all hast he sent his servant for a messe of strawberies."

61-80. *I pray you all,* etc.:—More gives a most spirited account of this proceeding: "Betweene ten and eleven he returned into the chamber, with a woonderful soure angrie countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips; and so sat him downe in his place. All the lords were much dismaid and sore marvelled at this sudden change. Then, when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have, that compasse and imagine the destruction of me, being so neere of bloud unto the king, and protector of his roiall person and his realme? At this question all the lords sat sore astonied, musing much whome this question meant, of which everie man wist himselfe cleere. Then the lord chamberlaine answered and said, that they were worthie to be punished as traitors, whatsoever they were. And all affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder sorceresse, my brothers wife, and other with hir. Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceresse, and that other witch of hir councell, Shores wife, have by their sorcerie and witchcraft wasted my bodie. And therewith he plucked up his dublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arme, where he shewed a weerish withered arme, and small; as it was never other. Hereupon everie mans mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrell. For they well wist that the queene was too wise to go about anie such follie. And, also, no man was there present, but well knew that his arme was ever such cince his birth.

Naithelesse the lord chamberlaine answered—Certainlie, my lord, if they have so heinouslie doone, they be worthie heinous punishment. What! quoth the protector, thou servest me, I weene, with ifs and ands: I tell thee they have so doone, and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitor. And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap; at which token one cried, Treason! without the chamber. Therewith a doore clapped, and in come there rushing men in harnesse, as manie as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings—I arrest thee, traitor! What, me! my lord? quoth he. Yea, thee, traitor, quoth the protector. Then were they all quicklie bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord chamberlaine, whome the protector bad speed and shrive him apace; for, by Saint Paule, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off."

86. *Three times to-day,* etc.:—This is from Sir Thomas More: "In riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse twice or thrice *stumbled* with him, almost to the falling; which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward; yet hath it beene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notablie foregoing some great misfortune."

109. *They smile at me,* etc.:—Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catherine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII. in the first year of his reign. The daughter of Lady Hastings, by her first husband, was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.

Scene V.

69. *come too late of our intents*:—In common speech a similar phrase is used—to come *short of* a thing.

76-79. *a citizen,* etc.:—This person was one *Walker,* a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crown* in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, etc., are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an Act of Parliament.

98. *Baynard's Castle*:—This castle was built by Baynard, a nobleman, who is said to have come in with William the Con-

queror. It stood on the bank of the river in Thames street, but was swept away by the commercial necessities of London.

103, 104. Dr. Shaw was brother to the Lord Mayor; Penker, according to Speed, was provincial of the Augustine friars; and both were popular preachers of the time.

107. *the brats of Clarence*:—Edward and Margaret, known afterwards as Earl of Warwick and Countess of Salisbury.

Scene VII.

The Baynard's Castle scene in the third Act is called by Brandes an unforgetable passage. "Richard has cleared away all obstacles on his path to the throne. His elder brother Clarence is murdered—drowned in a butt of wine. Edward's young sons are presently to be strangled in prison. Hastings has just been hurried to the scaffold without trial or form of law. The thing is now to avoid all appearance of complicity in these crimes, and to seem austerely disinterested with regard to the crown. To this end he makes his rascally henchman, Buckingham, persuade the simple-minded and panic-stricken Lord Mayor of London, with other citizens of repute, to implore him, in spite of his seeming reluctance, to mount the throne."

5. *Lady Lucy*:—The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage to the present queen, to obstruct which his mother alleged a precontract between them. But Elizabeth Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine.

9. *his own bastardy*:—This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the Duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the Duke of Gloucester, soon after Edward's death, revived this scandal.

189. *Bigamy*, by a canon of the Council of Lyons, A. D. 1274 (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edward I.), was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow.

193. *some alive*:—Buckingham here hints at the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By *some alive* is meant the Duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*Enter . . . Anne, Duchess of Gloucester.*] We have not seen this lady since the second Scene of the first Act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby Place. She was married to him about the year 1472.

Scene II.

58, 59. *give out . . . die*:—The matter of the passage is thus given in Holinshed: "After this he procured a rumour to be spred among the people, that the queene was dead; to the intent that she, taking some conceit of this strange fame, should fall into some sudden sicknesse or greevous maladie. When the queene heard that so horrible a rumour was sprung amongst the communaltie, she sore suspected the world to be almost at an end with hir. And in that sorrowfull agonie she went to the king hir husband, demanding of him what it should meane, that he had judged hir worthie to die. The king answered hir with faire words, and with smiling and flattering leasings comforted hir, and bid hir be of good cheere. Howsoever it fortuned, either by pensiveness of hart, or by infection of poison, within a few daies after the queene departed out of this transitorie life."

109. *Rougemont*:—Shakespeare, doubtless, worked upon the following passage in Holinshed: "During his abode here he went about the citie and at length he came to the castell; and when he understood that it was called Rugemont, suddenlie he fell into a dumpe, and said, Well, I see my daies be not long. He spake this of a prophesie told him, that when he came once to Richmond, he should not long live after." How much the fact, or rather, perhaps, the *fancy*, was thought of, may be inferred from what Fuller says of it in his account of Exeter: "There is in this city a castle, whitherto King Richard the usurper repaired. He demanded of the inhabitants how they called their castle; who returned the name thereof was Rugemont. Hereat the usurper was much abashed, having been informed by wizards that he should never prosper after he had met a thing called Rugemont. It seems Satan either spoke this oracle low or lisping, desirous to palliate his fallacy and ignorance; or that King Richard mistook the word,

seeing not Rugemont but Richmond proved so formidable to this usurper."

Scene III.

31-35. *Come to me,* etc.:—Here again the Poet runs close along More's narrative as he found it in Hall or Holinshed: "Sir James Tirrell devised that they should be murthered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the foure that kept them, a fellow fleshed in murther beforetime. To him he joined one John Dighton, his owne horssekeeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave. Then all the other being removed, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton about midnight, the seelie children lieng in their beds, came into the chamber, and, suddenlie lapping them up among the clothes, so to-bewrapped them an intangled them, that within a while, smoothered and stifled, they gave up to God their innocent soules leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed. Which after that the wretches perceived, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched Sir James to see them; which, upon the sight of them, caused those murtherers to burie them at the staire foot, meetlie deepe in the ground, under a great heape of stones. Then rode Sir James in hast to King Richard, and showed him all the maner of the murther, who gave him great thanks, and, as some saie, there made him knight. But he allowed not, as I have heard, the burieng in so vile a corner, because they were a kings sonnes. Whereupon, they say, that a priest of sir Robert Brakenburies tooke up the bodies againe, and secretlie interred them in such place as, by the occasion of his death which onelie knew it, could never since come to light. Verie truth it is, and well knowne, that at such time as Sir James Tirrell was in the Tower, for treason against King Henrie the seventh, both Dighton and he were examined, and confessed the murther in maner above written." This is the last we have from More.

Scene IV.

291-336. The following basis for this speech and the matter thereabout is found in the narrative of the chronicler Hall: "There came into his ungracious mind a thing not onelie detestable to be spoken of, but much more abhominable to be put in execution. For when he revolved in his mind how great a foun-

teine of mischeefe toward him should spring, if the Earle of Richmond should be advanced to the marriage of his neece, he determined to reconcile to his favour Queene Elizabeth, either by faire words or liberall promises; firmlie beleeving, her favour once obteined, that the Earle of Richmond of the affinitie of his neece should be utterlie defrauded. And if no remedie could be otherwise invented, then he himselfe would rather take to wife his neece the Ladie Elizabeth, than for lacke of that affinitie the whole realme should run to ruin; as who said, that if he once fell from his dignitie the ruin of the realme must needs shortlie follow. Wherefore he sent to the queene, being in sanctuarie, diverse and often messengers, which first should excuse and purge him of all things before against hir attempted or procured, and after should so largelie promise promotions and benefits not onelie to hir, but also to hir sonne Lord Thomas, Marqueese Dorset, that they should bring hir, if it were possible, into some wanhope, or, as men saie, into a fooles paradise."

430. The issue of the negotiations with Elizabeth is thus stated in Holinshed: "The messengers, being men of wit and gravitie, so persuaded the queene with great and pregnant reasons, and what with faire and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent, and to give to them no deafe ear; insomuch that she faithfullie promised to yeeld hirselfe fullie to the kings will and pleasure. And so she, putting in oblivion the murther of hir innocent children, the living in adulterie laid to hir charge, the bastarding of hir daughters; forgetting also the promise and oath made to the Countesse of Richmond, mother to the Earle Henrie, delivered into King Richards hands hir five daughters, as lambs committed to the custodie of the ravenous woolfe. After, she sent letters to the marqueese hir sonne, being then at Paris with the Earle of Richmond, willing him in anie wise to leave the earle, and without delaie to repair into England, where for him were provided great honours and promotions; ascerteining him further, that all offenses on both parts were forgotten and forgiven, and both he and she highlie incorporated in the kings heart. Suerlie the inconstancie of this woman were much to be marvelled at, if all women had beene found constant; but let men speake, yet women of the verie bond of nature will follow their owne sex."

472. *What heir of York,* etc.:—"There were other heirs," says White, "who had a better title than Richard, as Malone remarked —Elizabeth and the other daughters of Edward IV., and Edward,

son of Richard's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence; and although, as Ritson rejoined, Edward's issue had been pronounced illegitimate, and Clarence attainted of high treason, yet this was unjustly done by procurement of Richard himself."

496, 497. *leave behind your son, George Stanley*:—Here is the chronicler's statement of the matter: "When the said Lord Stanlie would have departed into his countrie, to visit his familie, and to recreate and refresh his spirits, (as he openlie said, but the truth was, to the intent to be in a perfect readinesse to receive the Earle of Richmond at his first arrivall in England,) the king in no wise would suffer him to depart, before he had left as an hostage in the court George Stanlie, Lord Strange, his first-begotten sonne and heire."

529. *Hoised sail*:—On the 12th of October, 1483, Richmond set sail from St. Malo in Brittany with forty ships and five thousand men. In the course of that very day his fleet was seized by a storm, shattered, and utterly dispersed. The rest we give in the words of Holinshed: "In the morning after, when the rage of the tempest was asswaged, about the houre of noone the earle approched to the mouth of the haven of Pole in the countie of Dorset, where he might plainlie perceive all the bankes and shores garnished and furnished with men of warre and souldiers, appointed there to defend his arrivall and landing. Wherefore he gave streict charge that no person should presume to take land, untill such time as the whole navie were come togither. And while he taried he sent out a shipboate toward the land side, to know whether they which stood there were enimies or else freends. They that were sent were instantlie desired of the men of warre keeping the coast to take land, affirming that they were appointed by the Duke of Buckingham there to await for the arrivall of the Earle of Richmond, and to conduct him safelie into the campe, where the duke not far off laie with a mightie armie. The earle, suspecting their request to be but a fraud, as it was indeed, after he perceived none of his ships to appeare in sight, weied up his anchors, halsed up his sailes, and, having a fresh gale sent by God to deliver him from that perill, arrived safe in the duchie of Normandie."

534, 535. *Richmond . . . Milford*:—The Earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pem-

broke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Catharine of France, the widow of Henry V. and mother of Henry VI.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

12. *All-Souls' day*:—Buckingham was executed on All-Saints' day, November 1, 1483. The story is told thus by the chroniclers: "The duke, being by certeine of the kings councell diligentlie examined, what things he knew prejudiciall unto the kings person, declared franklie all the conjuration, without glosing; trusting, because he had plainlie revealed all things, that he should have licence to speake to the king; which, whether it were to sue for pardon, or whether he, being brought to his presence, *would have sticked him with a dagger, as men thought*, he sore desired. But when he had confessed the whole conspiracie, upon All-soules daie, without arreigment or judgement, he was at Salisburie, in the open market-place, on a new scaffold, beheaded and put to death."

19. *the determined respite of my wrongs*:—The end of the time for which the punishment of his misdeeds was put off.

Scene II.

We have already noted that on his father's side the Earl of Richmond was grandson to Owen Tudor and Catharine of France, widow of Henry V. His mother was Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, the first Duke of Somerset, and great-granddaughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; on which account, after the death of Henry VI. and his son, Richmond was looked to by both friends and foes as the next male representative of the Lancastrian line. The first Beauforts were born out of wedlock, though their parents were afterwards married. The children were legitimated, but the act of legitimation expressly barred them and their posterity from the throne. So that in himself Richmond had no *legal* claim to the kingdom. Nevertheless the Lancastrians all regarded him as their natural chief; and many of the Yorkists accepted him because of his having bound himself by solemn oath to marry the Princess

Elizabeth, whom they of course considered the rightful heir to the crown after the death of her brothers.

Scene III.

11. *trebles that account*:—Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

19. [*Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, etc.*] "It should be remembered," as observed by White, "that the field was represented by a platform about as large as the floor of a drawing-room in a modern full-sized house. The representatives of Richard and Richmond were actually within easy conversational distance of each other, and could almost have shaken hands; and the tents, of course, occupied the same relative positions. Such were the arrangements of our primitive stage. We now, by the aid of scene-painters and carpenters, and at the sound of the prompter's whistle, separate the representatives of York and Lancaster by certain yards of coloured canvas, and our stage ghosts address themselves to Richard only; and there are those who, forgetting that the stage does not, never can, and should not if it could, represent the facts of real life, think that we have gained greatly by the change. Sir William Brandon, who bore Richmond's standard, was father to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. and the widow of Louis XII. of France. The Folio directs Dorset to enter here; but Dorset, at this time, was in pawn to a royal money-lender, Charles VIII. of France, for ready cash advanced to furnish Richmond forth. As Shakespeare quite surely knew this from the chronicles which he consulted in the preparation of the play, and as the mistake is one that might easily have crept into the prompter's book, being a mere stage-direction, it may be corrected without authority."

118. [*Enter the ghost, etc.*] It is quite possible that the introduction of the ghosts may have been suggested by the following passage in *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third*:—

> "The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
> The daily cares, the nightly dreams,
> The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,

And horror of my bloody practice past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That, sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,
Methinks *their ghosts come gaping for revenge,*
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.
Clarence complains, and crieth for revenge;
My nephews' blood, Revenge! revenge! doth cry;
The headless peers come pressing for revenge;
And every one cries, Let the tyrant die!"

176. [*The Ghosts vanish.*] In this series of speeches the Poet has given a "local habitation and a name" to what is thus stated in the *Chronicles*: "The fame went, that he had the same night a terrible dreame; for it seemed to him, being asleepe, that he did see diverse images like terrible divels, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take anie quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenlie strake his heart with feare, but it stuffed his head with many busie and dreadfull imaginations. For incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated the doubtfull chance of the battle, not using the alacritie and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to doo. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for feare of his enimies, and for that cause looked so piteouslie, he declared to his familiar freends in the morning his wonderfull vision and fearfull dreame."

179-206. *O coward conscience,* etc.:—"These are such pangs of conscience as would sometimes beset even the strongest and most resolute in those days when faith and superstition were still powerful, and when even one who scoffed at religion and made a tool of it had no assurance in his heart of hearts. There is in these words, too, a purely human sense of loneliness and of craving for affection, which is valid for all time."

301. *This, and Saint George to boot!*—"This, and St. George to help us, into the bargain." The historian makes him say, "Now, saint George *to borrow*"; which means, St. George *be our pledge* or *security*. This ordering of the battle is from the *Chronicles*: "King Richard, bringing all his men out of their campe into the plaine, ordered his foreward in a marvellous length, in which he appointed both horsmen and footmen, to the intent to imprint in the hearts of them that looked afarre off a sudden terror and deadlie feare; and in the fore-front he placed the archers like a strong fortified trench or bulworke. Over this

battell was capteine, John Duke of Norffolke, with whom was Thomas Earl of Surie, his sonne. After this long vant-gard followed King Richard himselfe with a strong companie of chosen and approoved men of warre, having horssemen for wings on both sides of his battell."

314-326. *What shall I say more,* etc.:—Thus Holinshed: "You see further, how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprise. And to begin with the Earl of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milksop, brought up by *my moother's* means and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis Duke of Britaine." Holinshed copied this from Hall; but his printer has given us by accident the word *moother* instead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakespeare. In the first edition of Holinshed the word is rightly printed *brother*. So that this circumstance not only shows that the Poet follows Holinshed, but points out the edition used by him.

346. *let George Stanley die*:—So in Holinshed: "When King Richard was come to Bosworth, he sent a pursevant to the Lord Stanlie, commanding him to advance with his companie; which if he refused to doo, he sware by Christes passion, that he would strike off his sonnes head before he dined. The Lord Stanlie answered, that if the king did so, he had more sonnes alive; and as to come to him, he was not then so determined. When King Richard heard this, he commanded the Lord Strange incontinent to be beheaded; which was at that verie same season when both the armies had sight of ech other. But the councellors persuaded the king that it was now time to fight, and no time to execute."

Scene IV.

7-10. *A horse!* etc.:—Here once more we have a slight trace of the old play:—

King. A horse! a horse! a fresh horse!
Page. Ah! fly, my lord, and save your life.
King. Fly, villain! Look I as though
I would fly?—No! . . .

12. *Five have I slain*:—Shakespeare uses this incident with historical propriety in *Henry IV.*, V. iv. 25 *et seq.* He had here also good ground for his poetical exaggeration. Richard, accord-

ing to the *Chronicles*, was determined if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was; attacked his standard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment.

Scene V.

4-7. *Lo, here,* etc.:—Thus in the *Chronicles*: "When the Earle had obteined the victorie, he kneeled downe and rendered to almightie God his heartie thanks, with devout and godlie orisons. Which praier finished, he ascended up to the top of a little mounteine, where he not onelie praised his valiant souldiers, but also gave them his heartie thanks, with promise of condigne recompense for their fidelitie and valiant feats. Then the people rejoised and clapped their hands, crying, King Henrie, king Henrie! When the Lord Stanlie [Derby] saw the good will and gladnesse of the people, he tooke the crowne of King Richard, which was found amongst the spoile in the field, and set it on the earles head; as though he had beene elected by the voice of the people, as in times past in diverse realmes it hath beene accustomed."

Questions on Richard III.

1. Is this an early or a later play of Shakespeare? What are the metrical peculiarities that help to establish its date?

2. Whose influence does it show in matters of character conception, and the dominance of the main figure in the drama?

3. What time is covered by the course of the action?

4. In what play is Richard's younger life presented? What is his character there, and in what acts is he exhibited that have their logical completion in this play?

ACT FIRST.

5. What is the mood of Richard in the opening soliloquy? What events does he celebrate? How does he describe himself? Does this description provide a motive for his villainy?

6. State the cause of Clarence's arrest? How was Richard implicated? To whom does he impute the blame in talking with Clarence?

7. What is the physical condition of King Edward?

8. In what humour does Richard comment upon his contemplated marriage with Lady Anne? What is his motive in this alliance?

9. Show the dramatic purpose of Anne's lamentations. Upon whom does she call down curses?

10. What traits does Anne display before Richard begins with her the *keen encounter of wits*? Why does he deny having killed Prince Edward and King Henry and then almost immediately acknowledge it? When does Anne first show that Richard's flatteries have begun to touch her vanity?

11. What induces Richard to offer Anne his sword and bid her slay him? Up to this point have you shared the same belief respecting her that Richard shows? What prevents her striking?

12. In quitting the scene what feeling does Anne show? In Sc. i. of the fourth Act how does she account for her yielding?

13. Analyze the state of mind of Richard as observed in the closing speech of Sc. ii.

14. To what office does Sc. iii. inform us that Richard will accede in case of King Edward's death?

15. What is the state of the king's household and the apprehensiveness of the queen concerning the state of affairs?

16. How does Richard make use of circumstances to lay blame for the imprisonment of Clarence and of Hastings?

17. What is the effect of Margaret's entrance at this point of the drama? Where has she come from? What is her personal appearance? How long is it since the battle of Tewksbury?

18. What especial words rouse her passion? How does Richard in lines 174 *et seq.* point out in her case the workings of retributive justice?

19. How much of her curse is prophetic of events to be developed in the action? What effect has her curse upon Richard as seen by the way he turns it upon herself?

20. What does she say to Buckingham? How is she answered by him?

21. How does Richard urge on the murderers of Clarence?

22. In Clarence's account of his dream (Sc. iv.) how does he reveal the ultimate causes of the disasters that he is suffering? How does conscience work with him? How with Brakenbury and the two murderers? Show how here is presented the dramatic element of contrast.

23. What passes between Clarence and the murderers concerning Richard? Does the dramatist lead one to expect that Clarence should recognize the fulfilment of the prophecy contained in his dream?

24. What is the immediate effect upon the two murderers of the committal of the deed? Show how Shakespeare differentiates the characters of these two.

ACT SECOND.

25. What reconciliations are effected at the opening of this Act? What is Richard's purpose in joining in them? Is it by his subtle contrivance that the blame for Clarence's death falls on the queen and her family?

26. How in Sc. ii. is Richard's deceit shown in comparison with the innocence of childhood?

27. Show how, as the Scene progresses, Shakespeare has mingled sympathy and antagonism in grief.

28. To what position in Richard's confidence has Buckingham been promoted since the death of King Edward? What is Richard's purpose in seeming to be directed by another? How much of their ulterior purpose is revealed?

29. Indicate the purpose of Sc. iii. What does Shakespeare think of boy kings?

30. What is the dramatic effect of the precociousness of the young York?

31. What news is brought by a Messenger? What further than the actual facts disclosed does it portend? Where does the queen go with young York?

ACT THIRD.

32. What is Richard's motive in accusing the Prince's uncles of deceit?

33. What act of sacrilege is committed through the advice of Buckingham? Characterize the reasoning he employs to the Cardinal.

34. Show the effect of the Prince's talk about Julius Cæsar, together with Richard's *asides*. What is further intended in York's covert taunts to Richard?

35. Who first proposes openly the project of making Richard king? Mention the obstacles that seem to stand in the way. What is Richard's method of surmounting them? What is his mental prepossession concerning his future? What rewards does he promise Buckingham?

36. Who is meant by *the boar* in the allusions of Hastings in Sc. ii.? Point out the irony of his speeches. In them how is the note again and again struck?

37 What stroke does Buckingham give to the fatuousness of Hastings? Show the purpose of this Scene in the scheme of the drama.

38. How does Sc. iii. exhibit nemesis? What are the retrospective and prophetic elements here presented?

39. For what purpose (Sc. iv.) was the assembly met in the Tower of London? Show the dramatic effectiveness of Richard's entrance. What is indicated by the episode of the strawberries? What does Hastings say of Richard's manner?

40. What pretext does he use to turn the tables upon Hastings?

41. With each recurrent tragedy what device is used to show the shadow of nemesis?

42. What is intended by the words of the stage direction (Sc. v.) concerning Gloucester and Buckingham, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured*?

43. How does Richard account to the Lord Mayor for the death of Hastings?

44. How does Richard contrive to prove the illegitimacy of the Prince's claim to the throne? Is it prudence or humanity that makes him urge some reserve in casting slanders upon his mother? What does he say of *the brats of Clarence*?

45. What was the result of Buckingham's appeal to the citizens in Richard's behalf? How is Richard to appear before the Lord Mayor?

46. What arguments does Buckingham use to urge Richard to accept the crown? How is he answered? How does Richard finally yield?

ACT FOURTH.

47. Where is the first Scene enacted? What is the destination of the women? Comment on the manner of the queen's speech in line 18. What does Brakenbury's blunder foreshadow?

48. What news does Stanley bring? Is Richmond mentioned for the first time in line 43? In what previous play has he appeared? Why was he absent from England?

49. How does Anne recognize the ironic stroke of destiny in her life?

50. What is Richard's reflection when he finds himself seated on the throne? For what does the hesitation of Buckingham prepare?

51. Mention the exact point at which the returning action begins. What news is brought of Dorset?

52. What new crimes does Richard plan, and how does he talk of them?

53. How does the news concerning Dorset affect Richard? How does he show his superstition? What is his treatment of Buckingham?

54. Compare for effect of pathos the recital of Tyrrel in Sc. iii. with the scene of the lamentation over Arthur in *King John*. How does Richard receive Tyrrel? Compare him with King

John and Henry IV. What quality of cruelty does Richard possess?

55. What is the nature of Richard's fear of Ely?

56. Comment on the effect of mystery produced by the coming and going of Queen Margaret. Of what is she the embodiment? How does her dialogue (Sc. iv.) with the Duchess of York mark an advance upon Margaret's earlier appearance?

57. What completion of her curse does she find to taunt the Duchess with? What has Queen Margaret said to Queen Elizabeth that she summarizes in line 105? For what in the scheme of justice is Elizabeth's punishment? Is punishment always commensurate with error?

58. How does Margaret teach Elizabeth to curse?

59. What do Elizabeth and the Duchess demand of Richard? Is there any trace of fear or remorse in his order to drown their voices with the trumpets?

60. The Duchess lays what curse upon Richard?

61. Upon what frailties in Elizabeth does Richard play in suing for her daughter? What is the finally successful argument?

62. What comment does he pass upon her after her exit?

63. How is this purpose intercepted?

64. How does Richard lose self-command before Catesby? What does it imply?

65. How does distrust of his adherents grow in him? What is the cumulative effect produced by the arrival of messengers?

66. What is the purpose of Sc. v.?

ACT FIFTH.

67. Show the larger purpose of Sc. i. beyond recording the doom of Buckingham.

68. What stage in the action is reached by Sc. ii.?

69. Where was the final battle of the Wars of the Roses? What apprehensiveness does Richard show at the beginning of Sc. iii.?

70. How does Richmond spend the night before the battle? For what does the reference to Lord Stanley prepare?

71. What details show Richard's growing fear of disaster?

72. Who visits Richmond in his tent? What relationship exists between them?

73. What ghostly visitors come before Richard in his sleep? Is the dramatic and psychologic effect of these impaired by having each speak to Richmond?

74. What does Richard say of his conscience after he awakes? What does he say of love and pity? Does this speech prove him to be not wholly outside the human family?

75. What condition does Richard fall into upon the appearance of Ratcliff?

76. State the tenour of Richmond's address to his soldiers.

77. How does action affect Richard's fears and reflections of the previous night?

78. What report comes of Lord Stanley—the same character that frequently figures in this edition of the play as Lord Derby?

79. What is Richard's last speech?

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80. How does this drama differ from *Macbeth* in the manner of presenting the principal character?

81. Mention some of the difficulties in the way of the successful accomplishment of such a characterization as Richard.

82. How in this play does verisimilitude give way to other artistic devices? Mention some of the latter.

83. How does the character of Richard exhibit the frequent tendency among the malformed of avenging themselves upon nature? Has Shakespeare elsewhere employed this *motif*?

84. Mention some of the reasons why this play has been so popular in stage representation. Is more recent taste turning away from it and from plays of its type?